

COMMENT OF THE DAY

A New Poser

THE Director of Education yesterday introduced the public to a hitherto unmentioned aspect of Hongkong's schooling problem, but it is an element which quite clearly demands attention and careful consideration. Speaking at the opening of the new Junior Keep Yuen School he disclosed that by 1961 the likely number of children in the Colony reaching school age will be 68,000, "an increase of nearly 100 per cent on the 1953 figure," and he added that this would be mainly attributable to "an abnormally high birth rate coupled with a declining infant mortality rate." Which means that the continually improving health standards of Hongkong bring with them the problem of providing school facilities for a greatly swollen juvenile population. The Director of Education did little more than pose the question of how Hongkong should face up to this new educational responsibility, and the only decisive sentiment he could express was that "to attempt this load we shall need to concert our energies and resources to the full, so that it will be more imperative than ever that we should all work together in the closest harmony and with the greatest efficiency."

In a more tentative manner, Mr Crozier put forward one idea. If the population trends continue as at present the Colony will be confronted with the dilemma of "having" to choose between satisfactory educational standards for a part, or diluted standards for the whole. Both, he claims, would be dangerous and unsatisfactory. What then to be done? It is the Director of Education's suggestion that parents should plan their families "as their economic circumstances shall advise and their religious scruples allow." A similar proposition has been advanced in other parts of the world, but we believe it is the first time it has received official utterance in Hongkong. It is a highly controversial suggestion, but none the less worthy of consideration because of that. But if the Director of Education has Government backing for his idea, then something more than a kite-flying reference at a school opening will be required to "put it over" effectively to the public. Popular reaction will be awaited with interest.

Molotov's Discouraging Statement THROWS COLD WATER ON GENEVA PROSPECTS

London, Mar. 6. British official sources said today that Russia had tipped off the West there was little chance of settling the Indo-China war — or Korea — at the Geneva Far Eastern conference on April 26.

This was the preliminary interpretation of official British quarters of the 6,000-word foreign policy review made by the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr V. M. Molotov, and broadcast from Moscow early today.

The expert review of Molotov's lengthy survey also uncovered what British diplomats considered a strong reaffirmation of Moscow's continued adherence to the Stalin line of violent hostility to NATO, the European Defence Community and American defence policy.

Court Sequel To Capitol Hill Shooting

Washington, Mar. 5. Four Puerto Rican Nationalists declared when they appeared in court today that they had fired shots in the House of Representatives wounding five Congressmen in the defence of Puerto Rico.

The judge, Mr James Morris, entered pleas of not guilty for them to charges alleging felonious assault with intent to kill, and named four lawyers to represent them.

April 5 was set as the tentative date for their trial. Mr Joseph Donohue, former Chairman of the district of Columbia Board of Commissioners, was appointed their senior lawyer.

Lolita Lebron, 34, self-proclaimed leader of the four, was asked to enter her plea first. She appeared completely unfamiliar with court procedure and the judge swore in a Spanish-speaking secret service agent to act as her interpreter.

When the judge asked Mrs Lebron if she was willing for him to enter a plea of not guilty for her she just nodded.

There was a murmuring from the other defendants at this stage and the judge said he understood one to say he was not guilty "because he did what he did in the defence of his country."

All the defendants kept repeating the phrase after that. After the formal arraignment the four were taken back to goal. Bail was fixed at \$100,000 (about £35,000).—Reuter.

Mr Molotov's reference to the forthcoming Geneva parley said that the main thing would depend on recognition by the conference participants to settle peace in Indo-China, not through continuing the hopeless war, but through agreement conforming to the principles of freedom and national independence of the peoples.

Officials said that what this amounted to was a hint to the French in advance of the Geneva meeting implying "either you go out of Indo-China or you will have to go on with the war."

This warning tallied with the renewed and increased emphasis in the Kremlin's policy of splitting the allies. This became obvious at the Berlin Big Four conference last month and again emerged from Mr Molotov's policy survey, the officials added.

SUITABLE METHOD
Mr Molotov has left little doubt, in the opinion of observers here, that he was determined to exert pressure on France to torpedo the EDC, and German reunification and he seemed to find Indo-China an increasingly suitable method.

They noted his reference to the "colonial policy of France" in Indo-China which, he said, "has landed in an 'impasse', having encountered the heroic struggle of the Vietnamese people who are defending their rights to peace and national freedom."

The preliminary assessment noted that Mr Molotov was less specific on the Korea question.

Mr Molotov said that the Geneva conference would be able to discuss a final settlement of the Korea question. "The task is to facilitate the national unification of Korea in an along democratic lines and the transition of Korea from an armistice to lasting peace," he said.

This, the observers said, rings a familiar bell in Western ears, recalling the phraseology used by Mr Molotov in his arguments on German unification.

They believed it did not augur well for the West's desire for free elections in Korea to unify the country and give it a freely elected all-Korean government.

Other chief observations on Mr Molotov's foreign policy summary are:
1.—An indication that Russia will press hard for Red China's recognition and equal status in the forthcoming Geneva parley;
2.—Continued hostility to NATO and the EDC with a possible hotting up of Moscow's campaign in Europe exploiting neutralism wherever possible.

3.—Continued pressure for acceptance of the Soviet master plan for a 32 European nations so-called security pact, with the exclusion of the United States from the defence of Europe.
4.—Considerable importance is attached to the Geneva parley as a forum for the Kremlin-advocated policy of "relaxing international tension through five-power contacts."

5.—An indication that Moscow will seek further meetings with the West on a ministerial level to pursue its German and European policy as highlighted in Berlin.
6.—No budging from its stand on the Austrian question, on the pretext that so-called danger of a new "anschluss" with Germany prevailed.—United Press.

Duel With Terrorists

Simpang Renggam, Johore, March 6.

A planter, his driver and two special constables escaped unhurt this morning when terrorists, attempting to landmine them, triggered off the charge a fraction of a second too soon.

Then they engaged the terrorists in a furious 15-minute gun battle, killing two and capturing a sien gun, carbine and grenade.

The ambush was sprung along an estate road on a southern Malaya estate near here.

Mr N. Kingsley Pallant, manager of the estate, told reporters: "I was driving through young rubber plants in an armoured pickup truck with my driver and two special constables as escort."

"We crossed a bridge and rounded a bend and terrorists detonated the landmine by remote control."

"But they were just a fraction of a second too soon because the truck wasn't quite over the landmine."

"The explosion blew a hole three feet by two feet in the ground and we ran into it and stopped. Nobody was hurt, so we leapt out and prepared to engage the terrorists. I would say there were about five of them, but it was difficult to tell."

"There was a lot of shooting from both sides and the special constables were absolutely wonderful. They accounted for both the terrorists, withdrew, and we returned to our truck. It was not damaged."—Reuter.

Stassen's Report On Indo-China

Washington, Mar. 5. Mr Harold Stassen, Director of the Foreign Aid Administration, said today that the military strength and morale of the Communist army in Indo-China was weakening.

He had visited Indo-China during a recent Far Eastern tour.

Mr Stassen told a news conference "the Communist Vietnamese forces were much more vigorous and effective a year ago. Now their morale is weakening while the forces of freedom are growing stronger."

In support of this conclusion he cited recent retreats of the Communist forces, failure to join battle with the French and Associated forces of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia and the surrender of 2,000 Vietminh guerrillas in Cambodia.

"Their boastful claims of intentions to sweep through Indo-China, issued during the Berlin conference, have so far proved to be shallow and meaningless propaganda," he said.

"The invigorated and expanded Vietnamese army is taking shape and its new battalions are proving to be an effective fighting force."

"The whole atmosphere in Indo-China is improving."

Mr Stassen reported that under current plans the French and Allied forces would receive about \$1,000 million worth of military and economic aid from the United States by the end of this year.

This would include between \$250 million and \$350 million worth of guns, tanks and planes, from United States military stocks here and in Korea.

GEARED FOR 2 YEARS
He said military and economic help was geared to the two years' operations plan of the French Commander General Henri Eugene Navarre, which began last September.

The amounts of aid to be given for the second year would be determined about next October when campaigning weather would follow the end of the monsoon rainy season which begins in May.

For the 1954 fiscal year which ends next July the United States has marked for Indo-China \$75 million worth of military assistance in supplies and services between \$250 million and \$350 million worth of finished weapons and another \$25 million for relief and technical aid.

The "overwhelming percentage" of this would be in the hands of the French and their Allies by the end of this year. Mr Stassen who also visited Japan, Korea, Formosa and the Philippines, said his organisation had mapped plans for the next fiscal year which were based on a "continuation of our expanded effort in Asia."

He said these plans included continued support for China, the Chinese Nationalist forces on Formosa and the reconstruction in Korea.

New emphasis would also be laid on a regional concept for the air programmes of technical co-operation and economic development in the Far East area.—Reuter.

A FUTILE APPEAL

London, Mar. 5. Mr William Miles, a man slow to anger, travelled more than 200 miles from Yorkshire to the law courts here today to appeal against a fine of £5 imposed on him 27 years ago for riding a motorcycle without a light.

Mr Miles said he was knocked unconscious in an accident at the time and could remember nothing about it.

"For 27 years I have been denied justice," he said, "This is all too absurd," said the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard. "We cannot help you."—China Mail Special.

Just What Does It Mean?

London, Mar. 5.

Lord Ogmore, the Labour Peer, is to ask the House of Lords on Wednesday: "What exactly is meant by a 'United Nation of Malaya'? What is the British Government really out for?"

He has tabled a motion calling attention to the improved situation in Malaya with special reference to the report on the elections to the Legislative Council recently published by the Federal Government.

He said today that when General Sir Gerald Templer was appointed High Commissioner of the Federation he was given a directive by the British Government. This promised powerful assistance in the long-term objective of forging a united nation. As General Templer was about to relinquish his appointment, it was perhaps the moment to enquire how far the directive had been carried out.

Lord Ogmore said he intended to ask: "What are the British Government's proposals now? Does a 'United Nation' mean a federation of Malaya or a Federation of Malaya and Singapore, with other territories in Southeast Asia like, for instance, Borneo?"

If the objective is a much wider federation than just Malaya—and of course this is desirable for many reasons—then it should be borne in mind when building up the Federation of Malaya.

OTHER QUERIES
On the economic side, Lord Ogmore will ask about the tin and rubber situation. He will also put questions about the Rendell Report on Singapore.

Finally he will doubt the wisdom of restricting the powers of the assessors in capital cases in Malayan courts.

Lord Ogmore is proud of the fact that he is still a member of the Bar in Malaya, to which he was called as David Rees Williams. Years ago he appeared for the defence in a number of murder cases there.

He commented today: "The Assessor system was the equivalent of our own trial by jury. A tradition which has existed for so long in Malaya cannot be done away within a few minutes without some good reason. There are criticisms of the British jury system, too, but no one here would abolish it overnight."

"I am very surprised that the people of Malaya have not made more fuss about this."—China Mail Special.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

| By "Rapier" | By "The Turf" |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| EXTRA RACE Busy Bee Acropolis Courtier Outsider:—Green Velvet. | EXTRA RACE Busy Bee Courtier Acetheta Outsider:—Green Velvet. |
| RACE 1 Hawaiian Moon Citation Comet Outsider:—Flying Dutchman. | RACE 1 Citation Hawaiian Moon Flying Dutchman Outsider:—Dreadnought. |
| RACE 2 Bitter Sweet Peony Harvest Moon Outsider:—Chelsen. | RACE 2 Peony Bitter Sweet Chelica Outsider:—Harvest Moon. |
| RACE 3 Glorious Emerald High Speed Outsider:—Chinese Mackerel. | RACE 3 Glorious Hellzapoppin High Speed Outsider:—Potentiality. |
| RACE 4 Queen Helen Eudora John Halifax Outsider:—Lawrence. | RACE 4 Giddup Blue Bird Tom Thumb Outsider:—Queen Helen. |
| RACE 5 Solar Knight Allied Victory Chief Pilot Outsider:—Fleeting Moment. | RACE 5 Fleeting Moment Allied Victory Chief Pilot Outsider:—Winning Rush. |
| RACE 6 Never Mind Ambition World Peace Outsider:—L'arc Triomphe. | RACE 6 Ambition Never Mind Supreme Command Outsider:—World Peace. |
| RACE 7 Bright Bay V.I.P. Pearl Diver Outsider:—Fighting Spirit. | RACE 7 Bright Bay Great Conqueror Fighting Spirit Outsider:—Red Feather. |
| RACE 8 Mourne Rebel II Ambur Outsider:—Calamity. | RACE 8 Mourne Rebel II Fortune Outsider:—Ambur. |
| RACE 9 Jorrocks Desert Gold Laddie Outsider:—Scrabo. | RACE 9 Scrabo Laddie Desert Gold Outsider:—Blondie. |

Private Arsenal Seized

New York, Mar. 5. Police seized an arsenal of hand grenades, rifles and anti-tank guns today in a tiny shop on Manhattan's upper West Side and arrested two men, apparently Cubans, who had rented the place under the guise of making wooden crates.

The Police Commissioner, Francis Adams, personally took over the investigation after first reports that a Puerto Rican nationalist group was involved.

After briefly questioning the men, Mr Adams said they appeared to be Cubans and added: "We do not know yet whether there is any relationship between this group and the nationalist Puerto Rican group."

Four Puerto Ricans were seized in Washington early this week after shooting five Congressmen in the House of Representatives. All were from New York.

Confiscated in the grimy shop on the ground floor of a five-storey tenement were nine cases of anti-tank guns, three guns in each case, five cases of hand grenades, a case of 25 M-1 rifles, 24 cases of anti-tank ammunition and four cases of rifle magazines.

The two men arrested in the shop were Roberto Oscar Acovedo, 58, and Mario Cruz, 34. The building owner revealed that Cruz rented the shop last November for \$75 a month and told him the store was to be used "for the purpose of making wooden crates."

He said a truckload of cases was unloaded at the store about two weeks ago.—United Press.

4-Legged Chicken

Bernay, France, March 6. A four-legged chicken has been born on a farm at Bernay. —China Mail Special.

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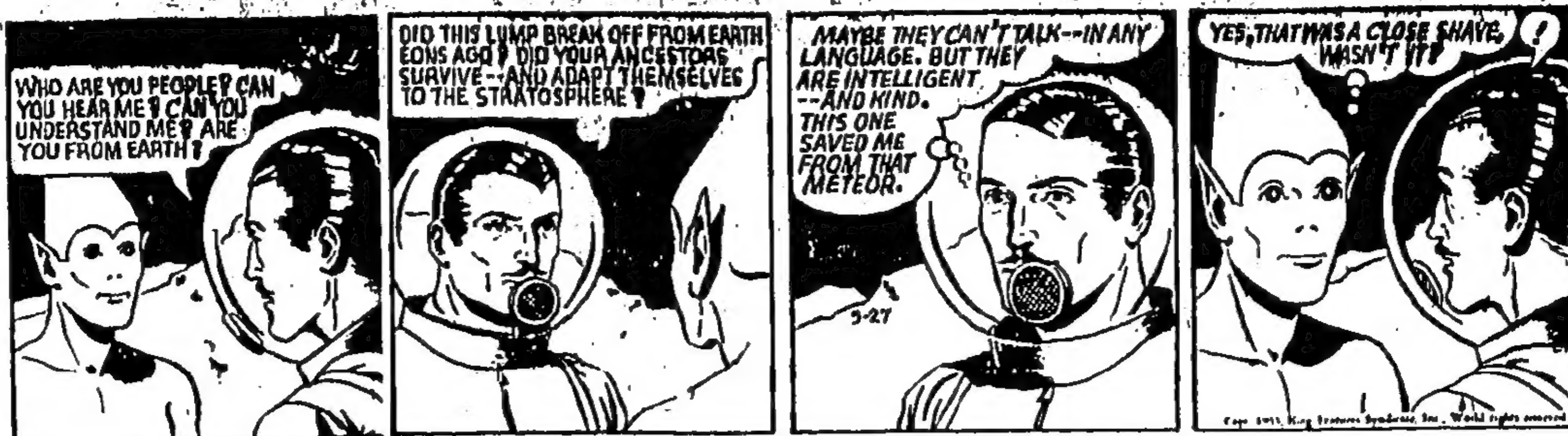
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By MARGARET BRUCE

The best news of the week is that "THREE YOUNG TEXANS," currently showing at the ROXY and BROADWAY, is to be followed by "HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE." A concoction of a film, it stars Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall and Betty Grable as fortune hunters.

Lauren Bacall is the "brains" of the trio and she rents an expensive pent-house in the belief that it will provide both the bait and the fishing-grounds for their purpose, which is summed up in the title.

"HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE" tells you the plot as well—the joy of the picture lies in the acting—and looks of the three stars. Marilyn Monroe has a star-value—a sparkling quality—far outshining the other two although Lauren Bacall is, in my opinion, by far the best looking.

This is a film to put you in a good mood. Full of humour, the little fable is beautifully acted, the three main personalities working together surprisingly well as a team.

The men in their lives are Cameron Mitchell, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne and William Powell. The settings and wardrobe are luscious, and the choice is wide apart from the quantity of films inspired by these sufferings, the quality of many is superb. (You remember "THE WOODEN HORSE," for example). But I don't remember any that have been primarily comedies, and that have also maintained the drama, the atmosphere and told the inevitable story of attempt at escape ending in success for some one or two.

BEST EVER MADE

"STALAG 17" (KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE) must surely be the best Prisoner of War film ever made. And the choice is wide apart from the quantity of films inspired by these sufferings, the quality of many is superb. (You remember "THE WOODEN HORSE," for example). But I don't remember any that have been primarily comedies, and that have also maintained the drama, the atmosphere and told the inevitable story of attempt at escape ending in success for some one or two.

It is this very ability to laugh, to wring humour out of the grim situation that makes this particular picture so touching and (I feel certain) real.

"STALAG 17" was one of the most notorious of the German Prisoner of War camps during World War II and the exact bleak and somber setting is the block where the captured soldiers of the United States Air Corps are housed.

With amazing realism a rough and bawdy humour permeates this grim comedy. I firmly state "realism" because I feel sure that without the suggested laughter no prisoner could have come through sane from his experience.

The plot has nothing unusual or noteworthy in it. William Holden is the prime spy suspect when suspicious are aroused by what they all consider to be a foolproof plan for escape being discovered.

Mr. Holden is in charge of nearly all the rackets (and certainly all the small pleasures) in the camp and his ability to achieve for himself such a pathetic treat from the captors as a fresh egg, leads everyone to suppose that he can be up to no good.

Finally Don Taylor, as a Lieutenant, is brought into the barracks where he tells of an ammunition train he has managed to destroy on route to prison. As a result he is condemned as a saboteur.

Well, of course, Holden un-makes the true villain and at the same time manages to escape with the condemned man. There's not a new twist in it, is there? And yet the presentation, which could be so dreary, resounds with a hilarity and sparkle which serves to

underline the tense situation in the background and the starkness of the prisoners' lives.

IN THE MUD

"CRY OF THE HUNTED" is currently showing at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY. It is the sort of film that I, quite frankly, loathe. A man hunt in the most degrading detail, it tells the story of a man from the bayou swamps of Louisiana who is imprisoned and refuses to divulge information relating to other members of his gang.

This part is played with un-canny realism by Vittorio Gassman. Barry Sullivan is the policeman who follows him when he escapes after a motor accident during a visit to the District Attorney and they meet where the prisoner's wife still lives, in the swamp.

The wife knocks the detective out and the pair escape, but when he revives Mr. Sullivan follows them deeper and deeper into the mire. After a fight, including the savage French foot-fighting, both are crippled enough to cease being hunter and hunted as they have to fight desperately together for survival.

I said I loathed it, which is quite true. But it is a wonderfully exciting melodrama and as such must be admired. A powerful hell-broth of violence and sordidity with quite a dash of sex. Depressing to a degree it is at the same time an exciting chase, whose backgrounds of eerie bayou are a tremendous asset.

What must be assumed to be a happy ending is contrived by letting the policeman bring his man back alive. He serves his sentence, gives the information that was required and then returns to his wife and son—in the mud!

Barry Sullivan gives another of his first class, polished performances, but we are lucky to find in Vittorio Gassman an actor as opposed to a film star. His characterisation, the contrary influences of good and bad in the fugitive, are subtly stressed throughout. He makes it much more than just another thriller.

ALMOST A ROUTINE

"SHOOT FIRST," with Joel McCrea and Evelyn Keyes, supported by Herbert Lom, Marius Goring and Roland Culver, is a United States Artists' Quota film which will be shown next at these cinemas.

A remarkably thrilling and unusual spy story, it concerns an American Lieutenant-Colonel, played by Joel McCrea, who rents a shoot in Dorset. He mistakes a stranger for a poacher and lets him have a round of buckshot. When he discovers that the man is dead, he believes that he has killed him and hides the body. However, it is discovered and Mr. McCrea finds that he is involved in international espionage and is on the run from both police and spies. The exciting climax takes place in Madame Tussaud's wax museum—almost a routine.

Evelyn Keyes plays the part of the Colonel's sympathetic wife who becomes maddeningly involved in the danger with her husband.

The successor to "SHOOT FIRST" is "THE MINIVER STORY." This is another very old film and one which should never have been made in the first place. Full of the most charming personalities it was originated purely for sex and like most sequels it is unworthy, particularly as the original "MR. MINIVER" was almost the most delightful film made and an impossible target to follow. Since they found it necessary to kill dear Mrs. Miniver off, what a shame it is that they are unable to let her rest in peace.

TECHNICOLOR HASH

"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALENT" is another MGM release that will be coming to the Colony soon. It's a queer technicolour hash of humour and whaling, starring

Ann Blyth, Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger.

In the "good old days" of this film New England brides had the not unmixed pleasure of joining their husbands on two or three year cruises around the Horn to the South Seas. (Well, it seems like two or three years to the picturegoer at any rate).

Miss Blyth and Mr. Taylor are tossed around on the studio tank interminably until they come across Mr. Granger (Mr. Taylor's renegade brother) taking his ease and some very high jinks with Betty St. John on a Pacific Island. Mr. Granger, being Ann's ex-boy friend, the situation has its tenseness.

A film that doesn't fulfil its promise, or live up to the star's names. After seeing "THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS" and now this I shall forever think of Ann Blyth looking out to sea (or studio tank) with a wind machine blowing through her hair.

TABLE IS ROUND

"KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" is also booked for the CAPITOL and LIBERTY. In Cinemascope. The best description I have heard of it is "a gigantic comic strip" and it has an equal fascination with this simplified form of reading.

It is, in fact, supremely easy to watch and get carried along by the fictional figures who dance before our eyes to the director's tune—I say fictional because it is quite certain that any resemblance to King Arthur and his knights can only be coincidental (Oh it's there; their table is round!).

Robert Taylor continues his Indian Summer as Sir Lancelot who has—as you are aware—a sly prank or two with Guinevere when Arthur's back is turned. I have always, in this respect, found him a bewildering figure as an example of the pure and shining flower of knightliness. However, his temptation is severe from Ava Gardner's Guinevere. Yes, succulent —

Outstandingly the best performance is Mel Ferrer's King Arthur. He appears to have lost some of the nervous inhibition that restrained his performance as the crippled dancer in "LILI," and to have regained the poise, dash and savoir faire that was so apparent in "SCARMOUCHE." It must be that he is happier in costume pants—he certainly seems more at ease in them than most actors, and looks charming beyond words.

It's an entrancing entertainment. To my taste it fulfils every requirement for cinema entertainment.

The LEE and GREAT WORLD have a very worthless Western showing now. Except, perhaps, that the star, Ronald Reagan, is always a reliable actor. In "LAW AND ORDER" he is a U.S. Marshal trying hard to retire to the quiet life—or what one assumes is the quiet life—on a ranch.

However, Westerners being what they are, there's a lot of shootin' to be done first. This is successfully achieved but I am not yet convinced that the right people got hit all the time.

OLD THEME

"EVERY MINUTE COUNTS," the next showing, is one of the better films of its type. It's the old thing about a man condemned on circumstantial evidence only for a murder he didn't commit.

The minutes that count so much are at the disposal of an entirely fictional "Defence Attorney" who is prepared to sacrifice his practice, all his money and the rather superficial affection of his fiancée on behalf of his client.

Incidentally he doesn't find the essential clue until the first final minute, just for the record. Yes, it's one of those!

But there really is mystery and suspense, and it is acted with enough realism to be touching—particularly by the faithful Teresa Wright, as the condemned man's wife. I wish we saw more of her. The "Defence Attorney" is played by Adele Mara and Douglas Morin, but it

doesn't amount to much. MacDonald Carey is the soft-hearted Attorney.

"FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN" will follow on—Francis being a talking mule and the upholder of the other side of the conversation. Donald O'Connor. I don't think it is very funny but there are thousands who do.

WORTH RESTRAINT

The QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA are showing "MASTER OF BALLANTRAE." I have written a great deal on this film owing to its various postponements, so I will not labour the point any more; but let me remind you that I recommend it as good cinema entertainment and worth restraining any prejudice you may feel about Errol Flynn.

At any rate it is very much better than the film that is due to follow it—"THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY." I'll write about this next week because it is planned to keep "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE" on for at least ten days. However, disc fans may like to know that Capitol have a recording from the sound track of "THE EDDIE CANTOR STORY" which is compiled into an Eddie Cantor Song Album, and certainly any fault in this picture does not lie in the sound track.

POOR REDSKINS

The first Cinemascope picture about the "Frontier" is on the way now—it is Warner's "THE COMMAND" starring Guy Madison and Joan Weldon. I remain convinced that Cinemascope will soon take over the business in the way "Talkies" did, but until that day it is difficult to understand why such a paltry presentation has been put into this expensive new medium.

On the other hand local film fans should be delighted that their taste for action has been so promptly pandered to. And it must be admitted that the back drop of Cinemascope have been largely overcome by the subject matter of this film.

With the rolling Western plains at the cameraman's command, the audience doesn't stub its toes on the end of the set in the outdoor scenes. And then there is another Dimitri Tiomkin musical score, so that fulfils almost every requirement of a Western locale, doesn't it?

There is a story too! Captain Robert McClure (Guy Madison) is an Army doctor who is forced to take command of a Cavalry Troop that is conveying a wagon train through hostile Indian country.

He proves more than resourceful, which opens up a new future for him because he would inspire no confidence as a medico, mixing up chicken pox with small pox with careless abandon.

Joan Weldon is an extremely beautiful girl with a tendency to nurse everyone in sight and a considerable help to the hero in his capacity as doctor, and also commanding officer.

She spreads the disease to the enemy in a cunning but nauseating manner by tossing about grubby little bits of bandage. Ugh! Poor Indians; I was on their side throughout.

The most exciting Cinemascope news is that Walt Disney has started production on the first Donald Duck cartoon.

A film I look forward to very much is a bit of nonsense history about the Roman Empire. It's called "THE SIGN OF THE PLAGUE" and in it we will see the remarkable sight of Jeff Chandler as a high-ranking officer in the Roman Army fighting as with the strength of a Legion against the hordes of Attila the Hun.

It brings to the screen once more the beautiful ballerina Luchina Luchina, her first picture, "TALES OF HOFFMAN."

She comes down off her points for a dramatic role as a Roman Princess which I think may be a bad mistake, but a performance is assured at least from Anthony Quinn who has never failed us yet.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A Threefold Anniversary

Budapest. The Hungarian capital will celebrate a threefold anniversary in 1955, the Budapest newspaper Magyar Nemzet announced.

The city, according to some scientifically verified legends, has been founded a thousand years ago, it was rebuilt, after the Tatars devastated it, 700 years ago in 1255, and finally, Russia's Red Army drove out the Germans 10 years ago in 1945.—United Press.

SHE HELPS TO BREAK UP HOMES

Vancouver. Probably the hardest of all immigrant women in Canada these days is Mrs. Mary Bleich. She's wrecking homes. You might even call her a professional home-wrecker.

Mrs. Bleich, a new arrival from Italy, is taking to her new job with gusto.

Wrecking homes may well be some women's hobby, but to Mrs. Bleich it's presently a trade.

She and her husband, Fred Bleich, have been seen cruising around town in an ancient truck, which they acquired expressly for wrecking houses.

Mrs. Bleich, clad in rubber boots, thick woolen Indian sweater and capped with a babushka, wields a crowbar or axe as well as any lumberman.

They're now knocking down an old, two-story home at Georgia and Carleton streets. It's the fourth demolition job the Bleich firm has undertaken.

The 31-year-old housewife and her 40-year-old husband took on the job mainly to get lumber for their own home.

"If Russian women can do a man's labouring job, I can too," Mary said.

She's a bride of a little more than 10 months and a Canadian resident for more than a year.

She said she won't be in this business very long.

"Only until we've got enough lumber, then I'm going to turn in my crowbar and take up an apron. I'll be feminine then, and maybe raise four or five kids."—United Press.

A NEW TWIST

Aveiro, Portugal. In a new twist on the sex-change story, a 19-year-old girl came to the hospital here for an appendix operation, and it's the hospital as a 30-year-old man.

Hospital authorities said the patient, dressed as a girl checked in as 19-year-old Maria Adelaide Soares Neto. When doctors confirmed that Maria was actually a male, they checked their records and found their patient had been born, not 19, but 30 years ago.—United Press.

Roasted To Death

Lisbon. Jose De Andrade, 75, was roasted to death when he bedded down in the community bakcoven at the village of Leaml to keep warm. While Andrade was asleep someone had stocked up the oven. Villagers now refuse to use the big stove.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I despise the looks of galoshes—if I do catch cold, I can get a few days off and my apartment needs cleaning!"

Women Of Indonesia Seeking Emancipation

Djakarta.

"Indonesian women wish to be treated according to modern, 20th Century laws. The lot of women has been far from pleasant," the liberal Independent Djakarta newspaper Mimbar Indonesia said in commenting on a recent demonstration by the women's organisation "Perwari."

Perwari requested withdrawal of the Government Regulation No. 19 which permits pensions for as many as four wives of government officials.

Continuing, Mimbar Indonesia said: "They have suffered much because of arbitrary behaviour by the Indonesian men. There were no laws protecting the woman's rights. We support their demands for improvement of their lot. We urge the government to draft a marriage law. Government decree No. 19 should be revised. The sooner the better."

Malaya Produces An Errol Flynn Who Can Also Sing

Singapore.

Recently, several women fainted in a cinema here during a picture in which a handsome Malay of medium stature was involved in a head-on car collision.

On another occasion, women screamed at the sight of this same young man having his leg amputated in a film.

In Negri-Sembilan state, located in East-Central Malaya, boys turned up for school one day wearing moustaches. They were only copying their film hero, they explained to a horrified teacher.

The object of this adulation is an amiable, soft-spoken fellow named Ram Lee, who ranks as Malaya's answer to Errol Flynn—with difference that Ram Lee also can sing. Malayan women idolise him, and even the men admit that he is a bit above the ordinary male.

Ram Lee has been this country's top star-male or female—for several years, and looks like staying the No. 1 star for a long time to come. He has no near rivals. One director said the other day, "Ram Lee has no equal in this country. He is a dynamite."

The No. 1 star of Malaya is no great big man, by Western standards. He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has brown eyes and a dark complexion. In his pictures, however, he manages to rout his enemies with the same swashbuckling ease displayed by Flynn, and he always has the ladies falling for him like skittles.

Also, Ram Lee is a fine actor—something for which his Hollywood rival is not noted. And to this a better-than-average crooning voice, and you have a picture of a handsome, talented young man who is lucky in his career and with the ladies in his life.

Paradoxically, Ram Lee is not married. "I have never had the inclination to get married," he says, smiling. "I'm too afraid I'll marry some woman who is the jealous type."

Ram Lee rose to film stardom not as any overnight sensation in the Hollywood tradition, but only after a series of small, insignificant roles which gave him the necessary experience to go on to bigger things. He started out in a crooning competition in his home town, Penang. Then, he was spotted by a studio director and given his first role in pictures. He usually played a villain or a comedian. Not once was he considered romantic material.

"I always studied closely the acting of British and American stars," he said the other day. "I have always admired Stewart Granger in particular, and that is that we do not have as much leeway as the British and Americans in the art of making film love."

In Malaya, actors cannot kiss their leading ladies, since kissing in public is forbidden by the Islamic religion. Even warm expressions of love are not permitted. At best, the Malay stars can hold hands and look into each other's eyes with a sentimental expression.

NOT TRUE

Ram Lee was being consoled that all actors in Mohammedan countries are in the same boat. "No, that is not true," he said a little sharply. "How about Egypt? Film stars there make love more violently than even the British and Americans!"

Whether or not he believes his romantic ability is somewhat cramped by these religious ties, Ram Lee nonetheless managed to establish himself as the top Malay film lover within a three-year span.

Allied to his acting ability is his rating as a crooner. Since 1947 he has been regarded as this country's leading popular singer. He won this position by virtue of his winning the national crooning contest. In the two previous years he had finished third and then second.

Ram Lee takes his job very seriously. In his dressing room at the Malaya Film Productions Studio, he shouts, snorts and laughs at his own image in the mirror.

"That's the only way I can train for a picture," he explained. "We don't have drama instructors like they do in Hollywood, you know."

By the end of his current contract, which has another year to go, he feels he will be ready to try for film roles farther afield. He has in mind a trip to London, and perhaps Hollywood, but realises that the roles available to him there would be very limited—and there would be scant chance of starring roles.—United Press.

The Communist Harlan Rajak said, "The demonstration indicates that Indonesian women are becoming conscious of their rights, and that they are prepared to fight for their emancipation. The feudal position of women—which makes them the victim of various kinds of oppression—should be eliminated. We salute the women, who participated in the demonstration. Their demands are our demands. Their fight is the fight of the entire Indonesian people."

Indonesian Raya, independent socialist and generally reflecting the opinion of certain army circles, opined Indonesian women regard the Regulation No. 19 as a stimulant to polygamy and it should be removed.

The defenders of this decree hide behind Islam. But a good deal of injustice towards women is caused by polygamy in the name of Islam. Improvement of the lot of Indonesian women must come through marriage laws which safeguard their rights. These laws can regulate the matter of polygamy so that indiscriminate divorces and remarriages should be restricted."

Berita Indonesia, leftist nationalist daily wrote: "Since the war there has never been a demonstration yet of women demanding their rights."

"Ever before the war the quest on of polygamy was in the limelight. This question is the basis for Indonesia's women's movement."

It also asked for withdrawal of Regulation No. 19 as well as termination of marriage laws.

On the other hand, the independent Times of Indonesia, only English daily in Indonesia, concluded that "any cabinet that needs to the 'Perwari' demand and cuts off pensions from junior wives will automatically put itself out of court by invalidating Islamic practice as it applies to the distribution of a deceased's property and effects and by attempting to innovate in the highly sensitive and dangerous field of religion."—United Press.

A NEW OBSTETRIC DEVICE

Sydney.

Australian obstetricians believe a device invented by a Sydney doctor for obstetric forceps may prove a tremendous advance in safeguarding babies during birth.

Obstetric forceps, once a secret instrument of the barber-surgeons, are used to deliver babies in complicated confinements to save the lives of mother and child.

The new device is reported on by its inventor, Dr. William D. Cunningham, an obstetrician in Sydney's equivalent of Harley Street—Macquarie Street, in the Australian Medical Journal, official publication of the British Medical Association in this country.

It is an inflatable rubber pad which fits over the steel blades of the forceps. It enables the doctor to spread the pressure of the forceps evenly over the baby's head, instead of concentrating it on one part. Thus, it greatly reduces the forces applied at any time and makes birth much safer for the child.

"Cunningham's device may well reduce the possibility of any injury to the unborn child's head which is sometimes unavoidably caused by ordinary forceps," commented a leading Sydney specialist.

Midwifery forceps were invented by an Englishman, Dr. Peter Chamberlen, one of the third generation of a family of French barber-surgeons who immigrated to London in 1570.—United Press.

New Amphibious Craft



Members of the United States Transportation Corps are now experimenting with their new huge 60-ton landing craft—which has been given the name "Bare" (initial letters of Barex Amphibious Re-supply Carro) and which is a massive land and sea machine for the transportation of heavy military equipment. Its overall length is 61.8 ft., width 27.5 ft., and height 17.9 ft. The wheel base is 29 ft., and the weight of the vessel complete with fuel is 187,000 lbs. Each of its four massive wheels is powered independently by one 165 h.p. Diesel engine and on entering the water it is propelled by twin screws each powered by one pair of the same Diesel engines. In spite of its tremendous size the Bare can move easily over soft sand and sharp coral, with loads of up to 100 tons.—Express Photo.

The New Ice Cream Sundaes May Even Yet Need A Liquor Licence

Toronto.

The modern ice cream sundae, instead of a scoop of vanilla floating in chocolate syrup, has become something for which you need a raisin, two halves of apricot, coconut whiskers, a tin whistle or a liquor licence.

The modern soda fountain now serves appetising ice cream delights entitled the Traffic Light Special, the Banana Cabana, the Wolf Whistle, or the Sunnyside Up, reproducing two fried eggs and bacon.

Bessie Scott, a United States expert in sundaes with sex appeal, displayed her repertoire here for Canadian ice cream manufacturers.

Miss Scott, who weighs 179 pounds, said she had gained 45 pounds in the past five years on her job.

"I don't eat much ice cream, seldom more than a pint a day," she said. "But when I'm out giving food demonstrations I just eat all day long. I'm a human garbage pail."

Miss Scott designed the Sunnyside Up sundae for a Duxton, ham-and-egg restaurant. The eggs are the apricot halves and the bacon is strips of water biscuit.

The Wolf Sundae, made with three flavours of ice cream, chocolate syrup, whipped cream, malt powder and slices of banana is something to whistle about.

USUALLY SORRY

Sort-sighted soda fountain men sometimes give away whistles to promote this sundae. They're usually sorry.

The Traffic Light sundae is an ice cream cone turned upside down with two raisins for eyes, a cherry for a nose and a whipped cream ruff around the throat. This can be changed, reasonably to the Santa Claus Sundae by adding coconut shreds for whiskers.

Miss Scott's super special is the Super-Torch sundae, for

which, she said, a Canadian soda fountain would need a liquor licence.

It can be made in the home, however, as follows: Take three scoops of ice cream in a dish, one flavour or mixed. Fill in between the scoops with whipped cream and pineapple sauce.

Place a banana upright, like the National Centroph.

Top the banana with a marshmallow and a sugar cube which has been soaked in a good grade of rum (or vanilla extract if you're silly).

Light the sugar cube.—United Press.

Caught Up With After 7 Years

St Catharins, Ontario.

An "absent-minded" clothing store customer began a 15-month jail term after a policeman and salesman jogged his memory.

Donald Angus, 35, took a fancy to a coat he saw in a store and tried it on. While the salesman was talking to another customer he "absent-mindedly" walked out.

The salesman and a policeman nabbed him and when he appeared in court the judge discovered his "absent-minded" pickups dated back to 1947.—United Press.

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Food Prejudices Analysed

New York.

Food prejudices in the aged were offered in evidence that life doesn't have to be a straight line marked by the milestones of years but can be a circle which returns to its beginnings in the suckling infant.

Dr. Elias Savitsky, attending neuro-psychiatrist to the some 1,000 residents of the home for aged and infirm Hebrews, found that many eating problems among his patients went all the way back to infancy, in the unconscious minds of the patients, of course.

"Food prejudices often serve as protective devices against anxieties," which had their origin in "the first sustained human contact of the infant" to suckling, he said. The anxieties "often represent a reactivation in the feeding situation of his (the patient's) childhood striving and frustrations in relation to the parent," the doctor said.

The home's medical staff, he said, had instructed the nutritionists that they were "direct descendants, many generations removed, of the original feeding mother." As a result, the nutritional problems which were entirely psychological were readily solved.

In short, food prejudices were respected—not trifled with.

"To stir up anxiety by separating the aged individual from his food prejudices, has certain dangers in view of his diminished adaptive capacities," Dr. Savitsky said. "To have his meals offered in an atmosphere of freedom from restriction can have the connotation to him of being cared for without the accompanying demands or compliance which go with parental love in early years."

The emotional reactions, pleasant and unpleasant, developed in early life to the combined feeding and disciplinary situation can be tinged with more pleasure in the light of assurance of love without undue demands for obedience. Anxiety may be diminished and

Misunderstood

Stockholm.

An accordion player was sent to hospital with stab wounds because a listener thought he was a doggie in the window.

The musician was playing the American tune at a party. Because the Swedish word for "doggie" also means "bad mannered youth" a guest sitting in a window became angered.

He followed the musician outside and stabbed him.—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE other day, a man walked into Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks museum in London, produced a hammer suddenly from his brief case and battered the heads of some figures of Conservative politicians which formed the set "Cabinet" group. (Express)



LEFT: Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, 51-year-old American actress, seen on arrival at London Airport from New York. She is appearing in a short season of impersonations. (Express)

BELOW: Twelve-year-old Rosemary Rennie, who lives on a farm near Glasgow, has come out on top in a children's poster competition for a road safety campaign. She is seen with her entry, with the slogan "Paws at the Kerb." (Express)



LADY Churchill (left), wife of the Prime Minister, and her daughter, Mrs Mary Soames, snapped at Euston Station, London, as they entrained for Glasgow where Lady Churchill went to launch the new Cunarder. (Express)



LEFT: Yma Sumac, exotic Peruvian singer now appearing in London who can make her voice sound from the lowest bass to the highest soprano note, taking in a five-octave range. (Express)



MR John Christie, founder of the Glyndebourne Opera, chats with Miss Greta Well at a party given in the Peers' Guest Room at the House of Lords by Lord Wilmot to promote the Glyndebourne season. (Express)



PETER USTINOV, 32-year-old actor-playwright, leaving Chelsea Register Office with his new bride, 25-year-old French actress Suzanne Cloutier. They first met when she took on a one-line part in his play, "No Sign of the Dove." (Express)



AT the Film Industry Publicity Club's Italian festa held at the Pan-American Airways offices in London, Diana Dora, film actress (right), is served a glass of Chianti wine by young London model Venetia Lane, dressed in Italian peasant costume. (Express)



ENTERTAINER Charlie Chester (at the piano) seen with Kay Laing, Kathryn Moore and Sonny Farrer. All four are shortly leaving England to entertain troops in Korea under the auspices of the Combined Services Entertainment Organisation. (Army News)



LT-GEN. L. G. Whistler, new GOC-in-C, Western Command, watching men under training at the Depot of the South Wales Borderers at Brecon during his first visit to the South Wales area of his command since taking up his appointment in December. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
PLAIN
CHOCOLATES

PARIS SHOW OF FAKES

From Sydney Smith

PARIS. An exhibition of fakes, with pieces from Cleopatra's "signature" to an almost perfect Renoir, right down to a near-immaculate £1 note, is just now proving the most successful "art" show in Paris.

International art dealers and police have gathered to view it in what is normally one of the most modern and formal galleries in the luxury art quarter of the Faubourg, St. Honore—Paris's Diplomatic Row.

The exhibition—officially known as the "Salon des Faux," or roughly, the Fakes Show—has been organised by Paris Police Headquarters.

On display is everything from phony Neolithic pottery and Ching Dynasty jades to mis-printed stamps.

It is a fakes' treasure trove and a collector's heartbreak House combined.

Rooms Crammed

Three great rooms are crammed with fakes, for which enthusiastic collectors have paid millions of pounds. But expert photography and X-rays reduced the "treasures" to the curiosity value of well-made forgeries.

Every piece has broken somebody's heart as well as his pocket book.

But the show, beautiful as it is, is only worth insuring for £25,000. It may save collectors who view it many millions of pounds in future.

Says Police Commissioner M. Guy Isard, organiser of the show and chief of France's Forgery Squad: "The object of this exhibition is to teach collectors and police what a huge business there is in art-faking, and how to spot fraud."

"Most of the artists who are 'hung' here have never been caught. They have made everything from medieval tape to two-penny stamps and they've made millions of pounds out of it. Those who have not been caught—the real artists—are in the majority."

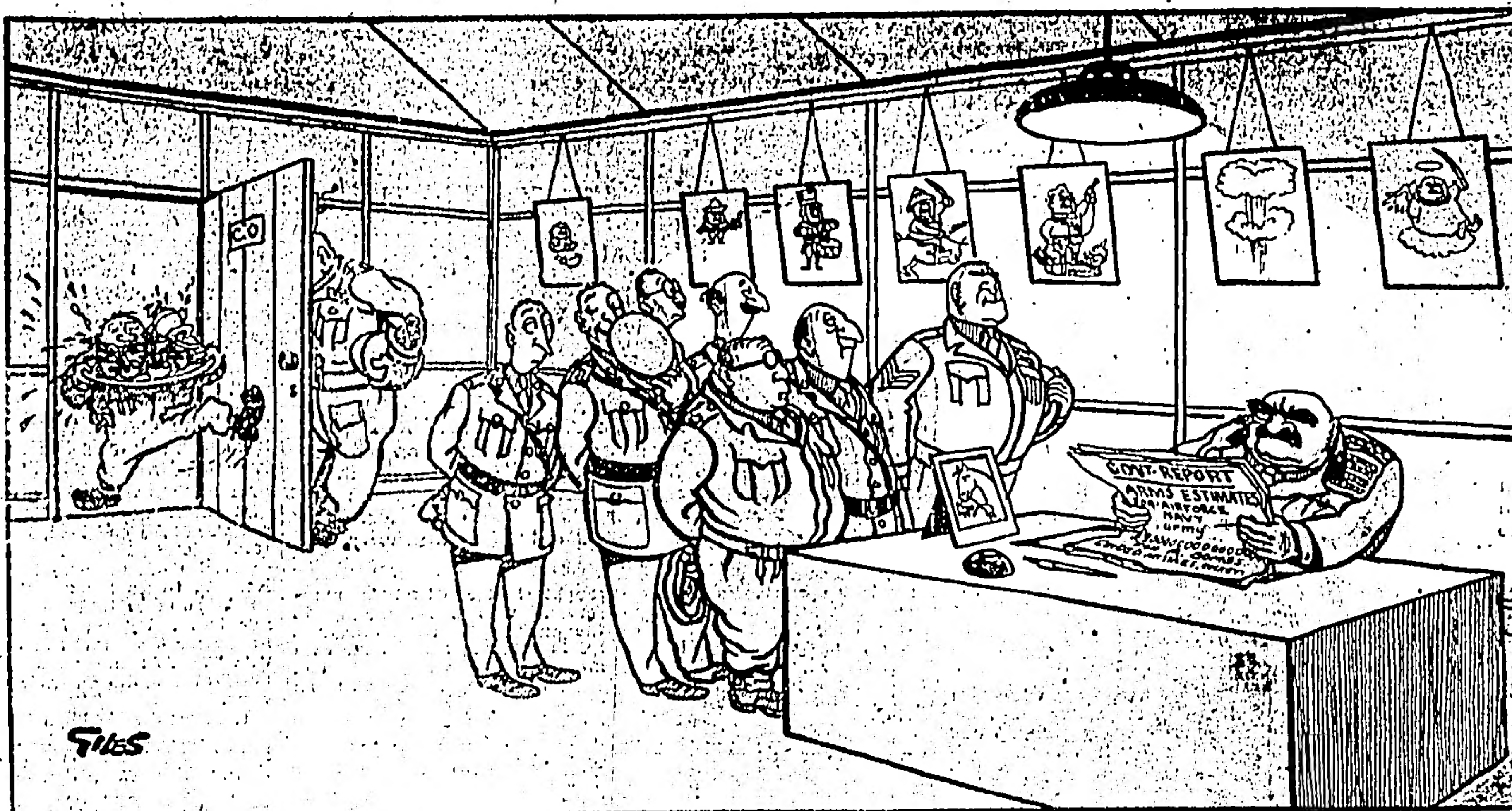
Highest-Priced

The Fakes' Gallery runs to forgeries of the highest-priced names in the art world. Van Gogh, Gauguin, Renoir, Picasso, Utrillo and Matisse. There is an immaculate horse of a Chinese Dynasty. There are gold and silver coins that certainly look 3,000 years old instead of 30. There are mis-printed stamps that cost a penny and were bought by someone for a thousand pounds.

Comments Police Commissioner Isard: "The world's experts were deceived by these things because they trusted only their eyes and their judgment."

"Our photo enlargements and X-rays beat them every time."

After walking around the Fakes' Gallery where often the real is hung beside the fake, anyone can see that for the engraver of phony £1 notes, the forger of misprinted stamps and the imitator of old masters, the game is up—the moment science begins to probe.



"You'll know all about atomic explosions and guided missiles when the Old Man comes to the page about the Army being placed second to the Air Force."

London Express Service

Kashmir: The Alsace-Lorraine of the East

FROM PLAYGROUND TO BATTLEGROUND

By James Wickenden

A LIGHT-SKINNED boatman from Poonch, wearing a conical Muslim hat and an old waistcoat over his grey shirt, poles a gondola on Kashmir's Dal Lake.

As he glides through floating gardens he can see the black marble Garden of Love called Shalimar on the distant hillside.

The gondola curtains are tattered and the sign which once attracted visitors—"Gay Times," "Double Sprung Seats"—is faded and hangs precariously from rusted nails.

Frangipani scent still hangs in the air, but Kashmir is no longer a Himalayan playground. It has become instead a beautiful battlefield—the Alsace-Lorraine of the East.

Always Tension

BECAUSE of it, India and Pakistan spend more than half their national incomes on the armies which watch each other on the ridges over Shalimar.

While they remain there is always tension and, perhaps, the danger of war.

Looking past rotting houseboats to the shore, the boatman

sees a white palace among willow decaying trees. Somewhere inside is a tall, shy, bespectacled man, Sheikh Abdullah, who writes his biography to write away the time.

He is a prisoner of tough, roman-nosed Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, who replaced him last year as head of the Kashmir Constituent Assembly.

The Squeeze

THE boatman has little sympathy for Abdullah and no liking for Bakshi, although they are both Muslims like himself and eighty per cent of Kashmir's people.

Neither of these men has been able to find a solution to Kashmir's problem of being squeezed between the two hostile states of India and Pakistan.

At one time, it looked as if Abdullah might have been the needed saviour. He made his reputation over twenty years by standing for an independent Kashmir—neither pro-Hindu nor pro-Muslim.

As a non-fanatic, he was popular with the mild Kashmiris at India's curfew-up in 1947. For when Raja Sir Hari Singh plunged for alliance with India, Pakistani Moslems attacked.

Vain, baggy-trousered tribesmen, with bobbed hair and

pocket mirrors, poured down from the stony northwest, yelling for a holy war. They said the Muslim voice had not been heard.

In the nick of time, Nehru parachuted troops on the Vale and, halted the impetuous Pathans within sight of Srinagar, the capital.

Kashmiri Muslims were opposed to the Raja's plan. But they were shocked by the ferocious tribal assault and, alongside Kashmir's Hindus, for a time supported Abdullah's independence line.

But, in the political rough and tumble following the ceasefire, Abdullah was not strong enough to survive. Bakshi took over.

A Dilemma

HE sought support the tough way. Slums were cleared; houses demolished; and streets widened. Profiteers were dragged into the open and Bakshi beat them up personally with a horsewhip.

He imagines that he is a realist. He does not make Abdullah's mistake of harping on Kashmir's independence. That pleases neither Pakistan nor India.

Instead he has forced the puppet Constituent Assembly to

say that Kashmir will adopt the Indian Constitution. Although Muslim, he seeks Hindu support.

This illustrates the dilemma of Kashmir.

There are two problems. One is the greed of both Pakistan and India to possess this state. The other is the desire of a large majority of both Hindus and Muslims—Kashmiris—for a voice of their own.

Contradictions

BEHIND both problems is religious fanaticism, which prevents Kashmir speaking with one voice and encourages ambitions in Karachi and Delhi.

No Kashmiri can forget that his country is already ruled from outside. The evidence is there—in the dusty—marching columns of Hindu troops in the east and Muslim troops in the west.

Neither Pakistan nor India sees the situation from the Kashmiri point of view. Pakistan demands the withdrawal of troops—essential for a free plebiscite—but assumes that Kashmir will be incorporated in Pakistan.

India speaks of Kashmir's rights as a sovereign nation, particularly of Kashmir's right to exert her own policy in the Buddhist northern area of Ladakh. But Nehru will not countenance a withdrawal of his troops.

The reasons for these contradictions is in the population figures: 80 per cent Muslim, 20 per cent Hindu.

Neither view considers another solution—partition. Yet that is the de facto situation in Kashmir today. The Hindus have fled from Muslim Poonch, and the few Muslims in Hindu Jammu have emigrated in the opposite direction.

More Estranged

AS for a plebiscite, the people of Ladakh are too primitive to receive the implications of voting. Finally there is the Vale of Kashmir. Its population of nearly two million out of four-and-a-half million is almost half of the state.

This educated minority would decide the issue in a plebiscite. But it does not seem likely that their voices will be heard for some time. In spite of the restraint of Pakistan's Premier, Mohammed Ali, and India's Nehru.

The two leaders have agreed to a plebiscite and to the appointment of an arbitrator in April.

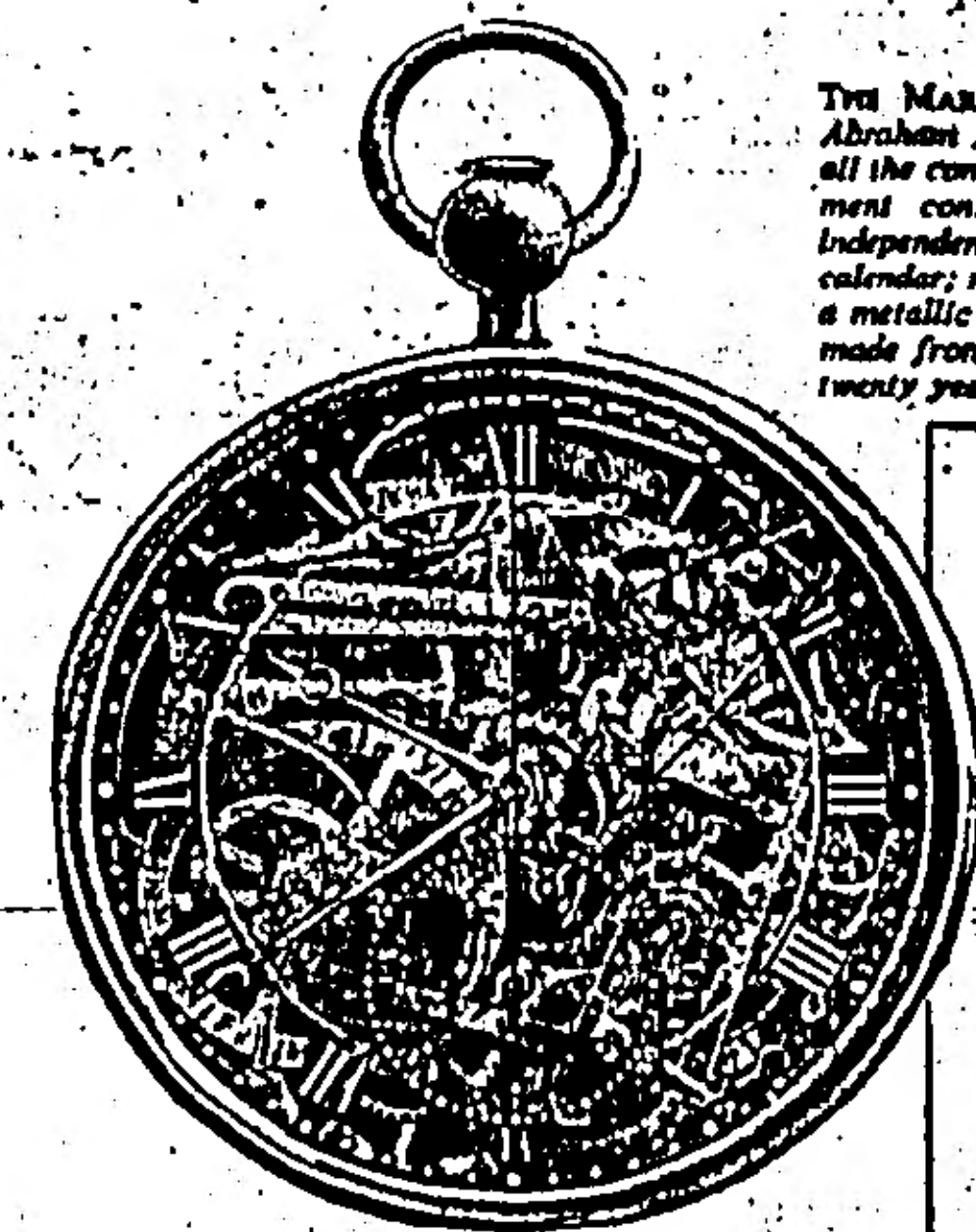
But Sir Owen Dixon did not succeed as arbitrator in 1950, when relations between the two countries were good. Now they are bad and India and Pakistan are being further estranged by the U.S.—Pakistan arms aid programme and Pakistan's treaty with Turkey.



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He worked nearly twenty years to complete this project. But long before he could finish, the beautiful Marie-Antoinette had met her fate at the guillotine.

Such is the story of this labour of love for a gracious Queen, who was destined never to see its completion.

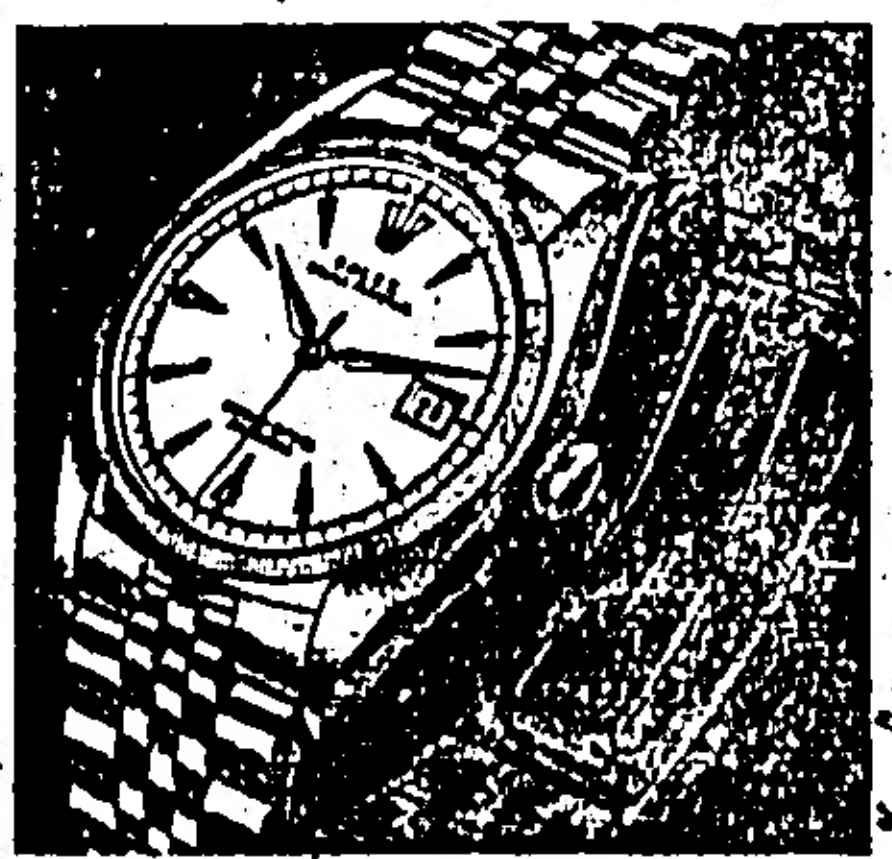
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BERLIN CONFERENCE SHOWED UP RUSSIAN INTENTIONS

By Vaughan Jones

GERMANY remains divided, Austria lacks a treaty, but few in Britain term the Berlin conference a failure.

It was never expected that the Big Four's Foreign Ministers would achieve a settlement.

Agreement, at least, was reached to hold a Big Five meeting, including Red China, to try to establish lasting peace in Korea and Indo-China.

What emerged in Berlin was that Malenkov, like Stalin previously, has no intention of quitting Russia's positions straddling Central Europe.

What was clear, too, was that Malenkov, despite his reforms in his own country, will continue to back the Red regimes in the Satellite States with the power of the Soviet Army.

The West's Foreign Ministers may have hoped that the Red Army would withdraw from Southeast Europe soon.

Now, at least, they know that they must base their plans on

the fact that Russia will maintain a line of outposts stretching from the Baltic almost to the Adriatic.

Tito's truancy has marred the look of these defences in the extreme south.

But the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Austria would demolish the line's central part.

SIDESTEPED IT

Furthermore, it would remove Russia's pretext for maintaining troops and lines of communication in Rumania and Hungary.

Soviet radio stations thundered that the West has prevented Austria from having her treaty. Yet every time the Western Foreign Ministers tried to reach agreement on granting Austria full independence, Molotov sidestepped the issue.

Molotov himself could not have believed that Austria, a

republic of seven million people, was a threat to peace.

But a free Austria would loosen Russia's grip on Eastern Europe.

Molotov knew that once the Red Army had quit Austria, until-Red Czechoslovakia would no longer fear Soviet intervention from the south should they revolt against the Communist Prague government. And that when Soviet troops had quit Southeast Europe, the way would be left open for other popular uprisings.

So Molotov could not agree to an Austrian treaty.

At the conference, Molotov was more polite than usual. The West's spokesmen were, after all, negotiating from the strength of their growing armies, now being progressively better equipped with atomic weapons. And the Big Four parted on good terms.

Nevertheless, it is expected that the United States will continue to keep powerful forces

in Europe. And the U.S. will press for the establishment of the long-projected European army.

America claims that German troops are needed to fill the gap in the West's defences against aggression from the East.

But the risk of rearming the Germans is just now seriously disturbing many Britons.

TWICE TOO OFTEN

Those believe that a rearmmed Germany will seek to play East and West off against each other, finally to emerge as the Continent's dominant nation. And then that Germany will once again raise a cry for the "liberation" of her territories—this time the rich farmlands she lost to Russia and Poland after the last war.

Britons would rather have the present situation than listen to the new version of the old German cry for living space. They have already heard that cry twice too often.

BEGIN
TODAY

THE NEW EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES



I FIND recorded in my notebook that it was on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 16th of November, 1887, when the attention of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, was first drawn to the singular affair of the man who hated clocks.

I have written elsewhere that I had heard only a vague account of this matter, since it occurred shortly after my marriage. Indeed, I have gone so far as to state that my first post-nuptial call on Holmes was in March of the following year. But the case in question was a matter of such extreme delicacy that I trust my readers will forgive its suppression by one whose pen has ever been guided by delicacy rather than by sensationalism.

A few weeks following my marriage, then, my wife was obliged to leave London on a matter which concerned "Madame Sholto" and vitally affected our future fortunes. Finding our new home insupportable without her presence, for eight days I returned to the old town in Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes made me welcome without question or comment. Yet I must confess that the next day, the 16th of November, began inauspiciously.

It was bitter, frosty weather. All morning the yellow-brown fog pressed against the windows. Lamps and gas-jets were burning, as well as a good fire, and their light shone on a breakfast-table uncluttered at just mid-day.

Sherlock Holmes was moody and distraught. Curled up in his armchair in the old mouse-coloured dressing gown and with a cherrywood pipe in his mouth, he scanned the morning newspapers, now and again uttering some desultory comment. "You find little of interest?" I asked.

"My dear Watson," said he, "I begin to fear that life has become one flat and monotonous plain ever since the affair of the notorious Bismington."

"And yet," I remonstrated, "surely this has been a year of memorable cases? You are overwhelmed, my dear fellow."

"Pon my word, Watson, you are scarcely the man to preach on that subject. Last night, after I had ventured to offer you a bottle of Beaujolais at dinner, you held forth so interminably on the joys of wedlock that I feared you would never have done."

"MY DEAR fellow! You imply that I was over-stimulated with wine?"

"Not with wine, perhaps," said he, "However!" And he indicated the newspapers. "Have you glanced over the balderdash with which the Press have seen fit to regale us?"

"I fear not. This copy of the British Medical Journal—" "Well, well!" said he. "Here we find column upon column devoted to next year's racing season. For some reason it seems perpetually to astonish the British public that one horse can run faster than another. Again, for the twentieth time, we have the Nihilists hatching some dark plot against the Grand Duke Alexei at Odessa. One entire leading article is devoted to the doubtless question, 'Should Shop Assistants Marry?'"

I forbore to interrupt him, lest his bitterness increase.

He rained blow after blow until the clock fell in tinkling ruins.

"Where is crime, Watson? Where is the bizarre, where that touch of the outre without which a problem in itself is as sand and dry grass? Have we lost them for ever?"

"Hark!" said I. "Surely that was the bell?"

"And someone in a hurry, Watson, if we may judge from its clamour."

With one accord we stepped to the window and looked down into Baker Street. The fog had partly lifted. At the kerb before our door stood a handsome closed carriage. A top-hatted coachman in livery was just closing the carriage door, whose panel bore the letter M. From below came the murmur of voices followed by light, quick footsteps on the stairs, and the door of our sitting-room was flung open.

held a travelling-case with the letters C.F. over some sort of label. Her other hand was pressed to her heart.

"Oh, please, please forgive this intrusion!" she pleaded, in a breathless but low and melodious voice. "Which of you, I beg, is Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion inclined his head.

"I am Mr. Holmes. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson."

"Thank heaven I have found you at home! My errand—"

BOTH OF US were surprised. I think, to perceive that our caller was a young lady; a girl, rather, since she could hardly have been as much as eighteen.

Seldom in a girl's face have I seen such beauty and refinement as well as sensitiveness. Her large blue eyes regarded us with agitated appeal. Her abundant auburn hair was confined in a rather small hat, and over her travelling dress she wore a dark-red jacket trimmed with strips of astrakhan. In one gloved hand she

I received a good education and such references as I could obtain were fortunately satisfactory. Lady Mayo, I must acknowledge, is of somewhat forbidding appearance. She is of the old school, stately and austere. Yet to me she has been kindness itself. In fact, it was she who suggested that we take the holiday in Switzerland, fearing that the isolation of Glaston Low Hall might depress my spirits. In the train between Paris and Grindelwald we met—met Charles, I should say Mr. Charles Hendon."

Holmes had relapsed into the armchair, putting his fingertips together as was his wont when he was in a judicial mood.

"Then this was the first time you had met the gentleman?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And how did the acquaintance come about?"

"A trifling matter, Mr. Holmes. We three were alone in a first-class carriage. Charles' manners are so beautiful, his voice so fine, his smile so captivating—"

"No doubt. But pray be precise as to details."

Miss Forsythe opened wide her large blue eyes.

"I believe it was the window," said she. "Charles (I may tell you that he has remarkable eyes and a heavy brown moustache) bowed and requested Lady Mayo's permission to lower the window. She assented and in a few moments they were chatting together like old friends."

"Humi! I see."

"LADY Mayo, in turn, presented me to Charles. The journey to Grindelwald passed quickly and happily. And yet, no sooner had we entered the foyer of the Hotel Splendide, than there occurred the first of the horrible shocks which have since made my life wretched."

"Despite its name, the hotel proved to be rather small and charming. Even then, I knew Mr. Hendon for a man of some importance, though he had described himself modestly as a single gentleman travelling with only one manservant. The manager of the hotel, Mr. Branger, approached and bowed deeply both to Lady Mayo and to Mr. Hendon. With Mr. Branger he exchanged some words in a low voice, and the manager bowed deeply again. Whereupon Charles turned round, smiling, and then quite suddenly his whole demeanour altered."

"I can still see him standing there, in his long coat and top-hat, with a heavy moustache, walking stick under his arm. His back was turned towards an ornamental half-circle of ferns and evergreens surrounding a fireplace with a low mantel-shelf on which stood a Swiss clock of exquisite design. 'Up to this time I had not even observed the clock. But Charles, uttering a stifled cry, rushed towards the fireplace. Lifting the heavy walking stick, he brought it crashing down on the hood of the clock, and rained blow after blow until the clock fell in tinkling ruins on the hearth."

"Then he turned round and walked slowly back. Without a word of explanation he took out a pocket book, gave to Mr. Branger a banknote, which would for times over have paid for the clock, and began lightly to speak of other matters."

caught sight of Charles' manservant, who was standing in the background amid luggage. He is a small, spare man with mutton-chop whiskers, and upon his face there was an expression only of embarrassment and, though it hurts me to breathe the word, of deep shame."

"No word was spoken at the time, and the incident was forgotten. For two days Charles was his usual serene self. On the third morning when we met him in the dining-room for breakfast it happened again."

"The wide windows of the dining-room had their heavy curtains partly drawn shut against the dazzle of sun on the first snow. The dining-room was fairly well filled with other guests taking breakfast. Only then did I remark that Charles, who had just returned from a morning walk, still carried the mutton stick in his hand."

"Breathe this air, madame!" he was saying gallily to Lady Mayo. "You will find it as invigorating as any food or drink!"

"At this he paused, and glanced towards one of the windows. Plunging past us, he struck heavily at the curtain and then tore it aside to disclose the ruins of a large clock shaped like a smiling sun-face. I think I should have faintly if Lady Mayo had not grasped my arm."

Miss Forsythe, who had removed her gloves, now pressed her hands against her cheeks.

"But not only does Charles smash clocks," she went on. "He buries them in the snow, and even hides them in the cupboard of his own room."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his head sunk into a cushion, but he now half opened his eyes and exclaimed, "In the cupboard?"

"This is even more singular! How did you become aware of the circumstance?"

"To my shame, Mr. Holmes, I was reduced to questioning his servant."

"To your shame?"

"I had no right to do so. In my humble position, Charles would never—that is, I could mean nothing to him! I had no right!"

"You had every right, Miss Forsythe," answered Holmes kindly. "Then you questioned the servant whom you describe as a small, spare man with mutton-chop whiskers. His name?"

"His name is Trepley, I believe. I have heard Charles address him as 'Trep.' And I vow, Mr. Holmes, he is the faithfullest creature alive. Even the sight of his dogged English face was a comfort to me. He knew, he felt, he sensed my interest, and he told me these things. Though he refused to say so, I could tell he shared my fears. Yet Charles is not mad! He is not! You yourself must admit that, because of the final incident."

OF CORONETS AND HALF-CROWNS

By WINIFRED GASKIN

EACH year for the past two centuries a heavy book the size of an outside family bible has been compiled by a small London publishing house. It is Debrett's—catalogue of Britain's pedigrees.

Debrett is not concerned with the common man. It lists—and details the family trees—of about 950 "peers and barons of the realm."

It records that England's premier Duke and Earl, Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan Howard, otherwise the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, traces his ancestry to 1488. It notes that for nearly five hundred years his family have been constrained to believe that "Virtue alone is unconquerable"—the motto on their ducal crest.

It shows that William Marmaduke, 25th Baron Mowbray, is England's premier baron, with a family line going back to 1283. And that William Marmaduke lives at Alton Castle which, because he is a baron, is a residence and not a seat.

Then there is a long list of the aristocracy's younger members. Though some count their lineage in centuries, the paint on the escutcheons of others is hardly dry.

Each bears a mottoed crest, and composers of these cryptograms must surely have been hard pressed to find new devices over the half millennium. Debrett records all their efforts.

There is the bloodthirsty "Pleasure in feats of arms" of the Barons Wharton, adopted in 1344 when feats of arms could still be pleasant. There is the 400-year-old legend, "I hope for better things" of Baron Torphichen (pronounced "Torry-biken"), who in 1550 married Mrs. Isobel Fernandez (Phillips) of Greystones Nanyuki, Kenya.

In contrast is the pious "What God will, I will," with which the Baroness of Dornier identified herself in 1616. And epigrammatic, are the "Live that thou mayest live" and "What was lost is safe" of the Scottish house of Keith-Falcons.

Imagination was probably at low ebb at the time of the Sackville-West's. "The day of my life," and American-born Sir Aubrey Briscoe's "Take with a grateful hand," as well as Viscount Whitbourne's "By iron, not by sword." But there was a revival in 1941 around the time of Baron Leathley's "While I breathe I serve."

Luckily, modern times allow for scope in choice of mottoes. In the days of chivalry, knight was supposed to live by the motto he chose. Imagine the confusion of thought and action today, if that were enforced!

Amongst the late comers to Debrett's are 109 peers created by Mr. Clement Attlee during the Labour Government of 1945-51. Mr. Attlee set up a record. For time-honoured principle decrees that peerages should be chiefly bestowed. But Mr. Attlee's bestowals were influenced by political considerations.

Many of Attlee's peers claim for a seat only a suburban cottage purchased on mortgage.

Occasionally a title goes a-begging. The Gould family, hereditary barons of Ireland, have refused for years to assume their privileged position. In England tradition makes this impossible.

But the Conservative Government has changed the possibility of changing the system. For brilliant sons in the House of Commons have often regretted the need to exchange an active career for the twilight of the House of Lords—as they must do when their titled fathers die. And if the Conservatives find a way, there will be many altered titles also.

Another suggestion springs from Labour's ranks. They favour the creation of peers for life only.

So still more change is coming to the "privileged" classes. But the end of Debrett's is not in sight. For, like the monarchy, Britain's coronets and ermine are woven into its daily life.

And it is doubtful whether hereditary peerage will be welcome to the sons of some of them. A clerk or a school teacher might prefer not to be addressed as "My Lord."

But some of the ancient lines are also near bankrupt. Demands made by two successive wars, in addition to heavy death duties, have affected them more than any other section of the community.

Indeed, the days have long passed when the dashing do of the nobles "made the welkin ring," and life was spent in baronial halls.

Bought Command

The grandfather of Lord Lucan, for instance, bought the command of the 17th Lancers, and turned it into the world's most famous of the company of soldiers. The regimental mounts were thoroughbreds, and the men's uniforms were fitted by a fashionable tailor—all paid for by himself.

All that individual splendour is gone.

Last year Lady Marye Roux, daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, took joy in a waitress in a Mayfair cafe. Premier Baron Mowbray delivers the morning milk on his 6,000-acre farm, and works as handy-man to save labour. Lord Brougham and Vaux works on the land, too. A few months ago Lord Granley, who inherited five "lordly mansions," sold a diamond brooch from his collection of the Hanover Crown jewels—and jocularly explained "we all have to eat."

When he had tea with his mother, Lord Granley, as a four-year-old child, was passed through innumerable halls from nurse to footman-in-waiting, senior footman, butler, and steward before he was finally announced at his mother's boudoir as "Mr. Norton."

But Lord Granley has had to sell a house because he could not afford the servants to keep it going.

More And More

More and more of the stately mansions are passing to the National Trust for preservation as historic monuments. In others, the family occupies only a section while the rest decays around them.

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Newell Rogers Reporting America CENSOR SAVES FILM MEN

New York.

HOLLYWOOD has just missed starting a big U.S.-Canadian row.

The trouble is over a new film, "Dieppe Raid," about the 1942 raid by 7,000 Canadians, mostly Canadians, with some British and French, and a few Americans.

Canadian casualties were 3,369 dead, wounded, and missing. But the new film shows Americans everywhere. This is wrong, a Canadian censorship adviser pointed out.

Hollywood bosses remember the indignation in Britain over another picture, "Objective Burma," which showed Errol Flynn as a U.S. paratrooper winning the Burma war almost singlehandedly.

So they are hastily remaking "Dieppe Raid" at a cost of thousands of dollars.

NO AMERICANS this time.

DOCTORS are being scolded by the American Medical Association for telling patients: "Don't worry about money—just concentrate on getting well!"

The A.M.A. says they are shirking responsibilities. So they will sell doctors a little plaque to be put up in their offices saying: "I am a doctor."

TO ADMIT PATIENTS. I invite you to discuss frankly with me any questions regarding my service or fee. The best medical service is based on

After all, moody Brando had walked out on Hollywood and shut himself up in his New York flat—barring visitors. So why should he open up to receive a 2,000,000-dollar summons from his studio for contract-breaking?

The marshal, Raymond Knight, explained, "I just knocked on the door and called out, 'I've come to tell you about being nominated for the Film Academy Award as the best actor of the year.'"

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Child Who Told Of Previous Life As Wife And Mother

Kumari Shanti Devi when she was nine years old.

The letter found him all right. But, suspecting a hoax, Kadar Nath asked a friend living in Delhi to call and see Shanti Devi and her people. The friend's report was that there was something that required serious investigation.

By PARRY MILLER

The result of all this was that one day Kadar Nath Chaubey, a widower was on the train to Delhi. With him he took his son, ten-year-old Nit Lal. The date was November 13, 1935.

Their meeting with Shanti Devi was dramatic. The girl, only nine, he it remembered, recognised him at sight. She went to him quite naturally, in the manner of a dutiful wife of the East. More, her actions reminded him forcefully of his late wife—the wife who had died nearly ten years before.

Buried Money

BUT her greeting of Nit Lal was perhaps more striking. She rushed to him, and folding him in her arms she murmured to him in the terms of endearment a mother normally uses to her young child. And the mother of Nit Lal had died when he was no more than nine days old.

Kadar stayed two or three days there in Delhi. Walking hand in hand with him, Shanti Devi recalled many quite intimate details of their life together at Muttra. Among other things she mentioned several times that there was money she had buried under the floor of one of the rooms in that yellow house back in Muttra.

And Kadar went back to Muttra fully convinced that the body of the nine-year-old girl really held the soul of his dear Chaubey, whose death was recorded in the books of the Lady Lall Hospital at Agra, where it had taken place.

It was at this point that really serious notice began to be taken of this odd story. Three responsible citizens of Delhi decided to probe it thoroughly. One was a prominent newspaper executive, another was a political leader of standing, and the third was a barrister.

Knew Family

THESE three, with two other observers, decided to go with Shanti Devi to Muttra, and see what happened.

And what they did see was startling. The first surprise was when the little party left the train at Muttra. With a smile of recognition the girl warmly greeted a man standing on the platform. He was, she explained, the elder brother "of my husband."

And that was, in fact, who he was—Babu Ram Chaubey. As her brother-in-law he had, of course, known Chaubey well enough during her short life.

time. But he had never up to now seen Shanti Devi.

They put the girl in a gharry or one-horse trap. The driver was not given a destination but told to follow her directions and hers alone.

The idea, of course, was to see if, without any help, she could lead the party to the place that had been her home in her previous life.

Off they went through a maze of winding streets and narrow roads, until at length they came to a white-painted house. Shanti Devi called a halt, and nodded at the house. "This," she said, "is where I lived." Then she added musingly: "But it was painted yellow then."

A discrepancy? Not a bit of it. It was soon established that, though this was not the present home of Kadar Nath, it was the house where he had previously lived with his young wife. And that it had then been, as the present owner testified, painted yellow.

And Kadar Nath who was there with the little crowd that was now growing, agreed that that was so.

In The House

THEN Shanti Devi entered the house. She went straight up to a corner in one of the rooms and pointed to the ground with her foot. "There," she said, "is where my money lies."

The money, she told them, she had saved and buried a foot deep in the ground when she knew she was going to have a child, a sum of 150 rupees she had planned to offer to one of the gods in the nearby temple to ensure the infant's well-being.

They dug into the earthen floor of the house. No key was found. But Kadar Nath now explained that it was true enough that 150 rupees had been buried there, but that he had dug it up and removed it after his wife's death. To test the girl he had not disclosed this before.

After that Shanti Devi met and identified various members of the Chaubey family, and her old Muttra parents, Chaturbhaj and his wife, Jagti.

She took the investigators and the wondering observers to the nearby temple, pointing out places of interest, she remembered on the way; and she took them to the Vishant Ghat, on the bank of the sacred River Jumna, and showed them the steps from which she used to bathe.

Shanti Devi is now a young woman of 27. Her story, veri-

fied in the manner I have shown, intrigued men and women far beyond the shores of India. They marvelled at her ability to remember all kinds of little incidents in her "previous" life in just the same way as she could recall the events of a year or five years back. And her case has come to be considered a classic modern example of re-birth.

'Fingers Guided'

THE story of a woman I will call Mary Brown—which is nothing like her real name—is of unusual interest as being typical of the solid personal belief in reincarnation held by a great many people.

Mary Brown is now 35, a cultured woman living in comfortable circumstances in a Home Counties market town. She was the child of quite well-to-do parents and her private schooling was expensive.

Right from her baby days Mary Brown's greatest interest was in music. It was soon plain that she had natural talent far above the average. Study came easily to her. When she was still a young child her ability to play quite complicated classics impressed all who heard her.

"There were," she told me, "those who went so far as to call me an infant prodigy. My parents were naturally very proud of me."

"By the time I was 18 I was being talked about quite a lot, and please do not think I am boasting when I say I knew my playing was good."

"The pride of my parents increased with my growing reputation. It was quite understandable that they should thrill at the thought of having brought a daughter of such talent into the world."

'Note Perfect'

"AS for me—I was beginning to be not so sure any musical ability I might possess stemmed from either of them."

"For there were occasions, when I was at the keyboard, when it seemed not I but someone else was guiding my fingers."

"It all seemed so easy. I found myself playing quite difficult classics without the slightest mental or physical effort."

"Then one day I had an experience that made a profound impression. I was sitting at the piano with no plan and no music before me. And suddenly I felt impelled to play."

"Without any conscious volition on my part my fingers began to move over the keys. And I found myself playing something I had never played, seen, or heard before."

"It was, as my ear could not fail to recognise, beautiful music. I played it to the end."

Have YOU Lived Before

And at that end there was one word in my mind, Beethoven.

"The memory of that music remained sharply with me. I just had to find out what it was."

"And, searching among the works of Beethoven, I found it. It was one of his lesser-known sonatas."

"With the music in front of me I played it again. And as a pianist I knew that the first time I had played it I had been note perfect."

"And in that same moment I knew something that may sound very odd indeed to the layman. I knew that somehow, by some mystery I could not begin to fathom, the spirit, the soul of the great Beethoven had been responsible."

"In other words, that Beethoven had come back to earth and was making his exquisite music again, through me."

'Very Real'

"It may sound crazy. To me it was very real. So real that from that moment I gave up every idea of becoming a concert pianist."

"You see I realised that, however well I might play, however wonderful my audiences might think me, the credit would never belong to me."

"It would be the renewed triumphs of Beethoven given again to the world through me."

"I do not play on the concert platform any more. But, in the still of the night, I play on the grand piano you see over there."

"A d mostly it is Beethoven. Without music. Without plan. Without thought. But always with the soul of the master himself—the soul that I believe is now within me."

Well, there is Mary Brown's story. She told it to me without emotion or emphasis. And she believes it.

There can be no evidence for or against. And without evidence who can spurn it?

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NEXT WEEK: THE ASTONISHING STORY OF "MRS. W."



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PITY THE POOR PUBLICAN

By YORKE HENDERSON

London. IN our secret heart we have always rather fancied ourselves in the role of "mine host." A little greayer, possibly a little portlier; and infinitely wiser.

Always the picture is the same. Low ceilings, age-blackened beams, a roaring log fire reflected in the gleaming brass and pewter.

And there we are behind the bar. In gentlemanly tweeds, a Tattersall weskit, and a silk tie with a gold horseshoe pin.

With the bitter in the "public" and the Scotch and splash in the "saloon," we dispense homely philosophy. Not that we're absolutely sure what "homely philosophy" implies. But, at any event, that's what we'd be dispensing.

In brief, it's every British male's secret dream... "a little pub somewhere in the country."

But that was yesterday. Today we're only too glad to be punching the old typewriter, with the prospect of the weekly cheque a fair certainty.

For we have learned the dream-shattering facts about the capital "B" publican. For that is how, cynics talk of these tycoons of the bar.

elsewhere, for that matter. And how grey the prospect is.

Everything, it seems, conspires to make life tough for the man who runs a pub, everything from the BBC to the Catering Hours and Wages Act. The BBC, because television keeps prospective customers at their own firesides; the Catering Hours and Wages Act, because it has apparently turned yesterday's jolly potman into an expensive clock-watching automaton.

In fact, a pub-owning acquaintance assures us that the number of "little pub-in-the-country" owners who have been turning in their hands of late is "something chronic."

Start Of Trouble

The trouble starts when you set about acquiring the pub. Naturally you want it to be your own place, lock, stock and barrel. This means buying the whole affair freehold. And, unless you have so much money that you wouldn't want to own a pub, anyway, that's fairly much out of the question.

The alternative is to be "put in" by the brewer. (We use the capital "B" advisedly. For that is how, cynics talk of these tycoons of the bar.)

And this is where you meet the real moneybags of the pub game. Well-heeled gent who refuse one another's expensive money on account of the others they've acquired making money from beer.

To be "put in" involves a sort of landlord-tenant relationship between yourself and the brewer. They own the pub. You rent it from them. With one big condition. You have to sell their beer only.

But even this involves having a fair spot of capital. Enough, in fact, to buy the furniture, fittings, stock and goodwill of the previous tenant, plus a handsome deposit to the brewer—returnable, of course, if you pay for your beer.

Now all you have to do is make the pub pay. And here's where you really hit the rocks.

Once upon a time, all the publican had to do was look hearty, cheer the customers and watch the till roll up.

Today there are 999 ways of losing money on a pub, and unless you're really clever you're likely to meet them all, and maybe even discover the thousandth.

For instance, did you know...

That after 576 half-pints have been pumped out of a 38 gallon beer barrel, the publican has made a cool profit of 32 shillings? And that's before he's paid the man who pumps the handle.

That the 2d per lot profit of Scotch doesn't go far if heavy-fated customers or bar-men drop a couple of 1s. 6d. glasses in the course of the day?

That bar-men have to get overtime for working on bank holidays?

Myriad Overheads

Then there are the myriad, fiddling little overheads you never take into account beforehand. Things like electric bills, renewing lino behind the bar, the mops, the cleaning material, the odd bits of decoration.

But the hardest blow of all—and this brought my dream pub down about my ears—is that publicans spend only about a third of their day chatting with the customers, and graciously accepting the "one on me, old man." For most of the time, between 8 a.m. and midnight, they are wrestling with accounts, cellar-work and similar arid things.

So if anyone wants a slightly shop-soiled, second-hand dream...

IN discussing the puzzling subject of reincarnation there is one ever-present difficulty. It is that of being able to cite, chapter and verse, what may be described as a fully authenticated case of a now-living person's rebirth.

When I use the word authenticated I do not mean to cast the slightest doubt on the astonishing first-hand stories that I have been told.

I am fully convinced that the tellers of these stories are completely sincere and satisfied that what they say happened to them really has happened.

What Proof?

THEY know their own personal experiences to be actual. Demonstrating that actuality to a second person, any second person, is another matter.

For what proof can be produced?

Proof, that is, that will satisfy the eyes and bring conviction to a great many people well outside the family circle.

What is regarded as possibly the best-authenticated case of recent years is that of a Hindu girl named Kumari Shanti Devi. Hers is a truly strange story.

In the late '20's she was living happily with her parents in Delhi. Her father was in business and the household was one of well-to-do people.

Up to the time she was four the child was no different from any other little Hindu girl, save for one thing. Few of the customary childish prattlings came from her lips. Her long silences were often remarked upon, in and out of the family circle.

'My House'

BUT after that fourth birthday she began to talk a lot more. And the things she now talked of were very odd indeed.

She was offered some sweets one day. She accepted them, but pointed out, with a gravity beyond her years: "These are different from the sweets I used to eat in my house at Muttra."

That was the first time there had been any mention of Muttra. That place lies some 100 miles to the south of Delhi. It is revered by Hindus as the birthplace of Krishna, and was a centre of Buddhism in the early Christian era.

The child's family had no special personal link with it, if any link at all. To hear it mentioned now, out of the blue as it were, was certainly very strange.

But it was only the beginning of many queer things centred on that ancient city to the south.

While her mother was dressing her, for instance, the child would describe quite graphically how she had dressed herself "in my house at Muttra." She would describe the meals



Should you ever strike a child?

By ELIZABETH PAKENHAM

SOME of the "good things" of life are rather odd. There's that old favourite, "a good cry." Odder still is the "good smacking."

Who is it good for? Child or parent? Those in favour answer, Both. Those against say, Neither.

Personally I belong to the Noes. But I could not lay my hand on my heart and say I had never given a slap. The point is whether we do it deliberately, as part of corrective policy; or impulsively, because we have lost our temper. Let us survey the arguments in favour of corporal punishment.

1 It has a long tradition behind it. "Spare the rod," says the proverb, "and spoil the child." It advocates force, not fatherly finger-wagging.

The cave-man, I feel sure, cuffed the cave-child. Not for him the subtler approach of your support! "No rhino bones for your supper!"

A Stoke reader finds that to her small girl the very word "punishment" implies violence. She defines it as "punch-meant."

2 Corporal punishment, it is argued, follows quickly on the offence. Thus the child connects the slap with his misdeed.

This is admittedly important. If the penalty is separated by some hours, or even days, from the offence, what happens? The child has long ago forgotten his misdeed, and the penalty seems vindictive.

A mother who decides on a firm slap should deliver it herself while the incident is fresh. On no account should she say, "Wait till your dad gets home." A hiding administered in cold blood by a cheerful parent has something horrible about it. It recalls Daniel O'Connell's description of Sir Robert Peel's smile: "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin."

3 Children, it is said, prefer a slap. At any rate, they prefer it to many other unpleasant things. Here is a York boy who disliked school. "About an hour after talking John to school he returned," writes his mother. "I said, 'Why have you come home?' He replied, 'Well, could I have a good smacking and go to bed?'"

SOME children take that slap light-heartedly. They even check the stern parent, as did one four-year-old at the time. "If you don't behave I shall spank you behind," said his mother. "You can't," was the answer. "I'm sitting on it."

Parents often notice that children smack "naughty" toys.



A "good smacking" . . . but "good" for whom . . . ?

In play. This seems to prove that children themselves believe in smacking.

A mother tells how she slapped her three-year-old son. "A few minutes later I saw him sleeping," his imaginary baby and saying, "You naughty baby, I am very cross." The tone of voice was so like mine.

"Then, in a subdued voice, he whispered, 'Sorry I won't do it again.' That's a good baby," came the reply. Brian then returned to play, quite satisfied justice had been done.

Now for the Noes. Children who smack their toys do not necessarily feel that "justice has been done." Rather they feel satisfied they have imitated Mummy quite perfectly.

CHILDREN are the world's best imitators. They copy us exactly. So we should be careful to let them see only our best behaviour. Is smacking the best we can do?

Corporal punishment is inappropriate for children's most common offences. Mary is "difficult" over food. She plays about, making castles with the potatoes, islands with the custard. Will a smack do any good? It will make her cry. No one in tears can eat. So smacking will aggravate Mary's trouble, not cure it.

With babies, corporal punishment is absolutely senseless. A baby accustomed to love takes his first slap as a joke. He roars with laughter.

Suddenly it hurts—not his hand so much as his feelings. He can hardly believe it is true. Nor is there any connection in his mind between his "naughty" and the inexplicable withdrawal of your love.

Mr Aldous Huxley Swallows Is-ness

ONE bright May morning last year, Aldous Huxley drank four-tenths of a gramme of the drug mescalin, convinced that under its influence he would gain entry to the world of the spirit with which visionaries and mystics are familiar.

It is hard to see why Huxley—who has written an account of his experiences—took the trouble. After all, the properties of mescalin, made from a Mexican cactus called peyotl, have been known for centuries. Forty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the Spanish historian Sahagun reported: "The Chichimeks take peyotl instead of wine. They assemble somewhere in the prairie, dance and sing all day and all night. The next day they meet again and weep to excess."

Indians thought that mescalin gave them courage for battle, the power to overcome fatigue, hunger and thirst. Spaniards believed that those who ate it could predict the future and reveal the hiding places of stolen goods.

In the eighties of last century a German doctor, who brought

it to Europe, reported that it made one of his patients see red and white birds, the Virgin and Christ, in a light blue colour; another witnessed what seemed to be a battle between Gothic and Romanesque architecture.

Although Huxley uses the language of the mystics in an attempt to describe his experiences under the drug, they hardly differed from those of his predecessors. There were the usual brilliant geometrical visions; a sense of being outside his own body; a conviction that he was, at last, seeing things as they are.

Asked whether he liked a vase of flowers, he replied mysteriously: "It just is." The revelation was repeated when he glanced at his flannel trousers: "The folds were charged with light."

Instrumental music left him cold, but the sight of a car made him laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks.

Reluctantly, he decides that mescalin is not the ideal drug for which he thinks the world is waiting; although there is no hang-over, he claims, its effects are inconveniently long.

Is-ness or no is-ness, there will be no desire to quarrel with this verdict on his trip to the world of the spirit.

Striking teenagers is equally dangerous. It insults their growing personalities.

That only leaves the ages of, say, five to eleven as a possible sphere for chastisement. Surely we can find some better way of dealing with these intermediate years?

If the Hot War started, these treasures would share the resting-place of a 2000-year-old mummy.

DANISH CIVIL DEFENCE IS TAKING A TIP FROM THE PHAROHS

By James White

Copenhagen. A TOMB second only in cost and size to those of the Pharaohs is now all ready a few miles north of Copenhagen for the girl from Smidstrup, the man from Grauballe and the man from Tollund to move into. Into the tomb have gone 325 tons of steel and 714 tons of cement. Built into a Danish hillside, it took nine months to complete and cost £70,000.

The two men and the girl, contemporaries of Julius Caesar, have been buried before. But not so luxuriously. Last time they were human sacrifices cast into the sacred bog. The man from Tollund is unique, as 2,000 years have been kinder to his features than to any other face of similar age.

With its 20-inch thick walls and 2½-foot thick roof, with 40 feet of earth on top of it, the "tomb" wasn't built for the mere glorification of the two distinguished men and the girl. It was built as an atom-bomb-proof shelter—not for living Danes but for some of their greatest national treasures.

Sun Chariot

Into the shelter in time of war will go also the Sun Chariot from the year "dot"—a bronze sun richly gilded and mounted on a horse-drawn carriage; several Bronze Age "lurs"—immense and unique horns which can still produce music; Bronze Age clothing; Eskimo costumes from around 1400, found deep in Greenland's icy mountains; a silver Roman cup; a golden church altar; a Rubens and a Rembrandt.

The gigantic underground treasure chamber is necessary because Denmark has neither caves nor mines nor tunnels to shelter its works of art, manuscripts and archives. Its construction is only one symbol of the way in which civil defence is changing the face of city and country in Denmark.

Since the Civil Defence Directorate started work in 1950 the Danes have spent some £5,000,000 on civil defence. This is about a tenth of what they have spent of their own money on military defence.

Civil defence is something the Danes can understand. "Neither we nor anyone else can defend Denmark," they say, "but at least we can do our best not to get hurt if there are thick cars in the air."

Traffic Chaos

The ill wind which makes civil defence a necessity may soon help to relieve Copenhagen's present traffic chaos. But the prime object of an apocryphal £2,500,000 for the construction of underground shelters in Danish cities is that these are an initial step towards providing protection for half a million Danes, rather than merely providing garage accommodation for motorists for whom there is no room in the streets. Altogether two million live in the most densely populated areas.

Already a combined garage and shelter to accommodate 600 cars has been constructed in Aarhus, Denmark's second city. Otherwise the only protection is afforded by some 5,000 concrete shelters which house 250,000, with 50 unoccupied in each. These shelters are mostly of beehive shape and were rushed up during the war, often in places where they were a particular eyesore. Since the war many of these which disfigured the main public squares have been broken up. Several hundred similar shelters have been built on other sites.

The beehives are not now considered satisfactory. The main argument against them is that in time of peace they cannot be put to any useful purpose. True, some of them are used for storing cheese, but even Denmark doesn't produce

enough cheese to fill all of them.

It is not unusual to find such shelters festooned with oil paintings. Some enterprising artist, his business sense often more developed than his artistic ability, will have hired a week for a few shillings a shelter to use it as an art shop. In others vegetables have been stored.

With a total population of some four million, Denmark has 98 towns and cities, 13 of them major cities and vulnerable targets on account of their industries, shipping, strategic position—or just on account of their size. One of the major cities is, of course, Copenhagen, with its population of over a million. Here is concentrated the whole political, economic and administrative life of the country, and not a little army, navy and air force activity.

Main Post

Copenhagen also is the country's main port. Here is the only naval dockyard. Here, too, is the biggest shipyard; here most of the strategic industries.

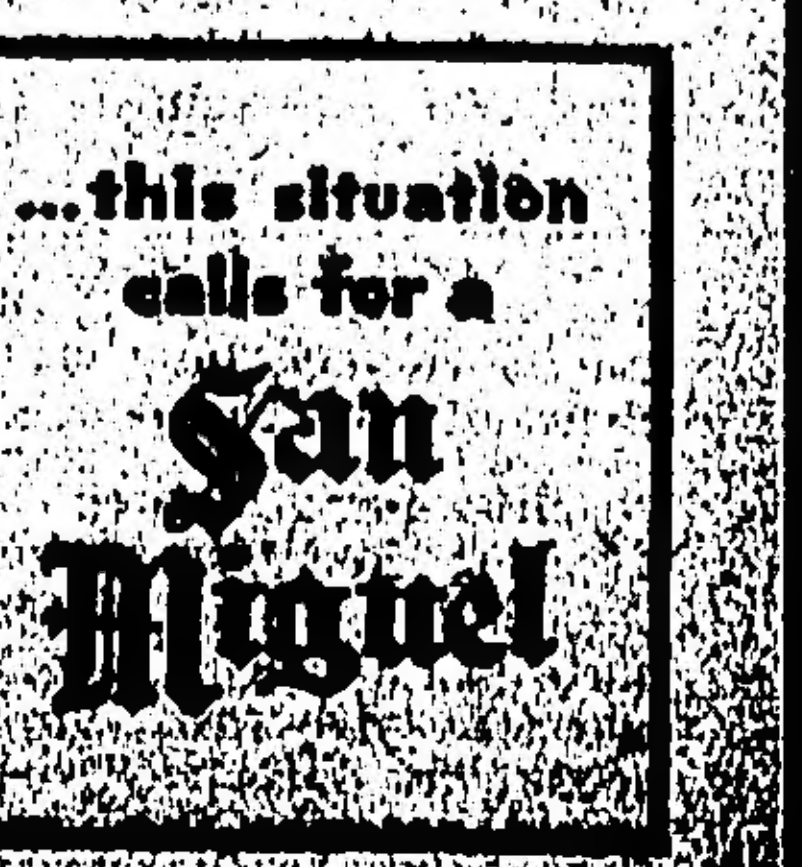
During the past few years all petrol and other highly inflammable oil has been moved from the capital to storage tanks on an artificial island a couple of miles from the city.

From a military point of view this is unfortunate, as one well-placed bomb could now deprive not only Copenhagen but the whole of the surrounding district of all its motor and aviation spirit.

But from the point of view of the Copenhageners, it is a comforting thought that many millions of gallons of petrol are no longer in the centre of the city.

If bombs do fall over Denmark, the most secure of all Danes will be those who met with sudden death 2,000 years ago.

JOHNNY HAZARD



Marie Lloyd looks down from a gallery of another age... as the jazz dancers rehearse



GOES STOMPING

DAVID LEWIN

watches the jazz girls storming the music hall

LONDON.

BACK room and a cellar in Soho . . . youngsters in the uniform of jazz—blue jeans and open-necked shirts (the girls and the boys) flinging their arms and legs in the language of rhythm.

In the back room the dancers are rehearsing, beating it out to a piano. On the walls are huge faded prints of old-time music-hall stars: Marie Lloyd, Gracie Fields, Gertrude Lawrence.

But this is a NEW world of music-hall, and I am exploring it. For these youngsters and the jazz band in the cellar are putting together a show that could bring the 18- to 22-year-olds back to the music-hall.

ON TOUR

Robert Nesbitt, a West End maker of stage spectacle ("Latin Quarter" and the rest) is producing them in the first full-length jazz show to make a variety tour. "Jazz Wagon" is its name. Unashamedly jazz is the star.

Nesbitt talking: "Youngsters today just don't come to see variety in the old form. They don't care about trick cyclists or patter comics. Even older audiences are falling off."

"But the youngsters want jazz. Around 15,000 of them pay money in London every week for jazz concerts. So why not try a jazz show on a variety tour? That should get them."

"Jazz Wagon" is the Nesbitt theory put into practice.

A 'WILD BAND'

I fumble for the right words as I talk to the dancers and band—leader Jack Parnell. "Pop" is not current today—modern jazz is the popular phrase. Parnell's is a "wild band" which is high jazz praise.

I suddenly feel an old man when I hear jazz tunes of the thirties, to which I did my homework, called "traditional."

But "the cats" still "dig" my favourites like "Sophisticated Lady" (more beat to it than I remember, though) while stomping out newer numbers such as "Blowing Wild"—a song of the oil wells—or "Dragonet" from an American TV detective story.

IN SESSION

I leave the dancers in their backroom and stumble into the cellar for the band call. The 16 musicians sit on small chairs in a semi-circle looking like a nursery-school class. The music stands are turned down to form desks.

On the floor a young lad, Jimmy Weston, the arranger, listens to the sax-section, says, "Wrong on bar four," and makes them play it again. Then he yells: "Hit it!" The sound is as violent as an artillery barrage. It almost blasts me up the stairs again. But my feet start to tap.

I can see why this "modern jazz" is the rage of around 200 clubs up and down the country. A session with these "Jazz Wagon" youngsters is uninhibited, raw, vital. And all the time that gnawing beat, beat, beat. Their shock tactics could wake up music-hall. About time.

THEIR FIRST CONCERT

Wellington, N. Z. The 134 inhabitants of lonely Pictou Island heard their first brass band concert this winter. And by one of the world's finest bands, at that.

Returning triumphant from Britain where it won first prize in an international band competition, the New Zealand National Band, aboard the ss Matara, paid a visit to the island speck for a few hours.

Playing on shipboard, the New Zealanders gave their best numbers while the Pictou Islanders came out in long-boats to drink the ship.

BIG GAMBLERS

BIGGEST gamblers at the Casino are wealthy Italian industrialists from Northern Italy. Reason: their gambling is closely watched in Italy by income-tax "snappers". In Monte Carlo they receive "complete protection".

The local British Colony are raising a fund to supplement the income of some 20 British servants who, before the war, were left with their meagre salaries by their former employers and which have now drastically shrunk in value.

By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE STRAW GIRL



MEET The Straw Girl. She's from Rome, like so many other ideas in today's world of fashion. For Rome, which started the black-and-white for summer fashion, the loungers for evenings at home, now sets out to make the short crinoline popular for parties.

The dress Robb sketches here is made of soft crinoline straw covered with black chiffon. The waist is of stiffened black velvet, and the halter neckline of draped chiffon.

London Express Service

Unanimous Choice Of The Best Dressed Women—A Black Silk Outfit

By Jean Wiseman

"BEING 'best dressed' means wearing silk"—according to New York experts who have been studying this year's list of "Best Dressed Women." London and Paris collections endorse this opinion—and it's lucky for those of us who can't include ourselves in the "couture" class that for the first time since the war pure silk dresses are available at prices which an average buyer can afford.

List Extended

Getting into America's "Top Ten" of best dressed women is an annual event of some importance, and this year the list was extended to twelve because of ties between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Vanderbilt, and between the Duchess of Windsor and Miss Mary Martin. It is interesting to note, too, that while the younger women of international society have moved up in the list, it is mainly the mature film stars such as Marlene Dietrich, Irene Dunne, Rosalind Russell and Gloria Swanson who gained the highest number of votes.

The "best dressed" ladies were given a luncheon at the fabulous Waldorf-Astoria hotel and "on request" each wore her favourite silk daytime outfit. A careful study of these choices offers ideas to the women on a budget, too, and proves rather conclusively that no matter what the season or the occasion, black is still the smartest possible colour.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr., wife of the New York newspaper publisher, and a yearly certainty for those on the "best dressed" list, wore a black silk satin coat with rounded shoulders and crescent-shaped sleeves. The flared skirt had inserts of black silk taffeta and the dress was lined with cognac silk. It was designed by Charles James—"the man whose designs never grow old."

Mme. Louis Arpels, wife of the famous French jeweller, is a tall slender beauty. Her choice was a silk tweed dress with wide ash belt of black satin and a matching satin beret with dipping side—accessories that would make any ensemble effective.

Carole Munn, American designer, wore one of her own creations: a full-skirted black silk taffeta day dress with spanking white silk linen accents at pocket and neckline—good trimming for any dark dress.

One of the busiest of American women is TV star and newspaper columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, said to work a 24-hour day. She too chose black silk taffeta, but this time a two-piece dress heavily embroidered with passementerie, and worn over a crinoline petticoat.

New Finishes

The beautifier of the Hollywood stars, and herself a beauty, Miss Anita Colby, wore a Christian Dior dress of black silk blended with alpaca. Cut on princess lines it has a half-belt at the back, and a simple collarless neckline which is slit. Slits are so varied this season—sometimes soft and fluid, sometimes crisp and corded, splashed with bold flowers, covered with tiny blossoms, sometimes mixed with other fibres to give new finishes, new inspiration to styling.

Miss Dior

Diorama



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EXERCISE YOUR JOB PERSPECTIVE . . .

By ANNE HEYWOOD

ONE day recently, I was discussing success with the publicity director of one of America's largest radio stations. She said something very significant.

"I think success is partly a matter of learning to distinguish a long-range reward from a short-range reward, and having the courage to take the former."

She explained it this way.

"I was a secretary, really sort of a glorified stenographer, when I first came to this station. I was twenty-

Hip-Slimming Hulas Are Housewives' Hobby

Milwaukee. MATRONS of suburban Shorewood are keeping their figures trim by hula dancing under the instruction of a woman who never has been to Hawaii.

The women, dressed in home-made grass skirt outfits, attend hula classes at the Shorewood Opportunity School every Monday and wiggle to recorded Hawaiian music.

Instructor Val Welmer never has visited the islands but she knows about 25 ancient and modern hulas. She learned them from a San Antonio, Tex., woman.

Miss Welmer said the swaying, tropical dance is an excellent way for women of all ages to keep slim and trim enough to wear the proper dress of holokus and grass skirts.

Most of her pupils make their own costumes, using coloured celophane for the fringe of the skirts. But some of the women have imported holokus and skirts from Hawaii. Their leis are made of artificial flowers.

one, and quite ambitious. I had been a journalism major, and wanted very much to have a publicity job.

"About a year after I started, the personnel director called me in and offered me a choice of two jobs. Both were a step upward, and I was delighted. But I had a difficult time making up my mind which one to take.

"You see, one of the jobs was executive secretary to one of the vice presidents. It was a real plum. I would have had my own office, an impressive title, a lot more money, and contact with all the celebrities. No opportunity for writing, and no publicity work, but real prestige. My mouth simply watered when I contemplated it."

★ ★ ★

"The other job had no such prestige. It was secretary to two publicity writers. It meant a small raise—not nearly as much as the other job. It meant working in a cubbyhole with the two writers, and handling all the dirty work for both of them—typing releases and mailing them out and all kinds of details. But they would let me try my hand at the writing occasionally, and I could learn some publicity.

"After much agonising thought, I took this second job. The other girls in the office thought I was crazy.

"Well, within a year I was doing actual writing. In three years, one of the writers left, and I was moved up into his place. Now, five years later, I am the top publicity person. The girl who took the 'plum' secretarial job is still in it."

True success is frequently a long-range thing, so stop looking at them before you start, too quickly, for a half-success.

There's No Limit To These Two-In-One Ideas

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

FASHION'S favourite theme for the coming months is two-faced. And the idea behind it is to give you two outfits for the price of one.

One of the best two-faced bargains just now is the new proofed raincoat which doesn't look at all like the traditional mac. For everyday use, it is worn right side out; this has a suitably simple pattern in a tweed or checked design. For rainy evenings it changes character and is worn inside out to display a fancy pattern, such as a gold star design on black.

REVERSIBLE

Party skirts and matching stoles also follow the two-in-one idea and, in doing so, link up with the current fashion for leopard prints. One such outfit consists of matching skirt and stole in a rayon pout with a yellow, black and cream design. Wear it that way round the first time. Next time, to give yourself the impression that you have a new outfit, wear it reverse side out—black stole with black skirt—and top it with a bright jumper.

A visiting American fashion model arrived recently with another version of the two-faced fashion, and provided a tip for the office girl. She had a simple black dress, and by day she wore it undecorated. It made her look business-like and efficient. After six, she transformed it into a party dress by wearing jewellery and a cocktail hat.

HAT TURNED INTO BAG

There's no limit to the ideas designers are thinking up around this theme.

If you take a dislike to a hat, for instance, there's no need to give it to the next jumble sale. Just follow the idea of a Paris designer.

Take a deep crowned beret in any material—the original was in imitation grass—and attach a ribbon to it to tie under the chin like a school-girl's.

When you tie it as a hat, remove it from the headwear list, turn it upside down, hold it by the ribbon—and there's a new handbag!

Imitation grass is just one of this season's exotic hat materials. Natural looking is another. It appears in two forms, either as the base

material for the hat itself, or in the form of trimming. There are flower shapes cut out from loofah, sewn together to form the crown of the hat, then trimmed with veiling, and pill-box shapes trimmed at the front with a back bow, like a cat's whiskers.

Other new Easter hats we've seen around the showrooms include flower-pot shapes in straw woven like ribbing and lined with brown velvet; and black velvet crowns, circled with two plaits of braided straw and finished at the back with a straw butterfly bow.

Even the new berets are in straw. Favourite choice is corn coloured and trimmed with chicken wire veiling.

If you want to join in the current vogue for startling accessories, then cover your umbrella with bright orange

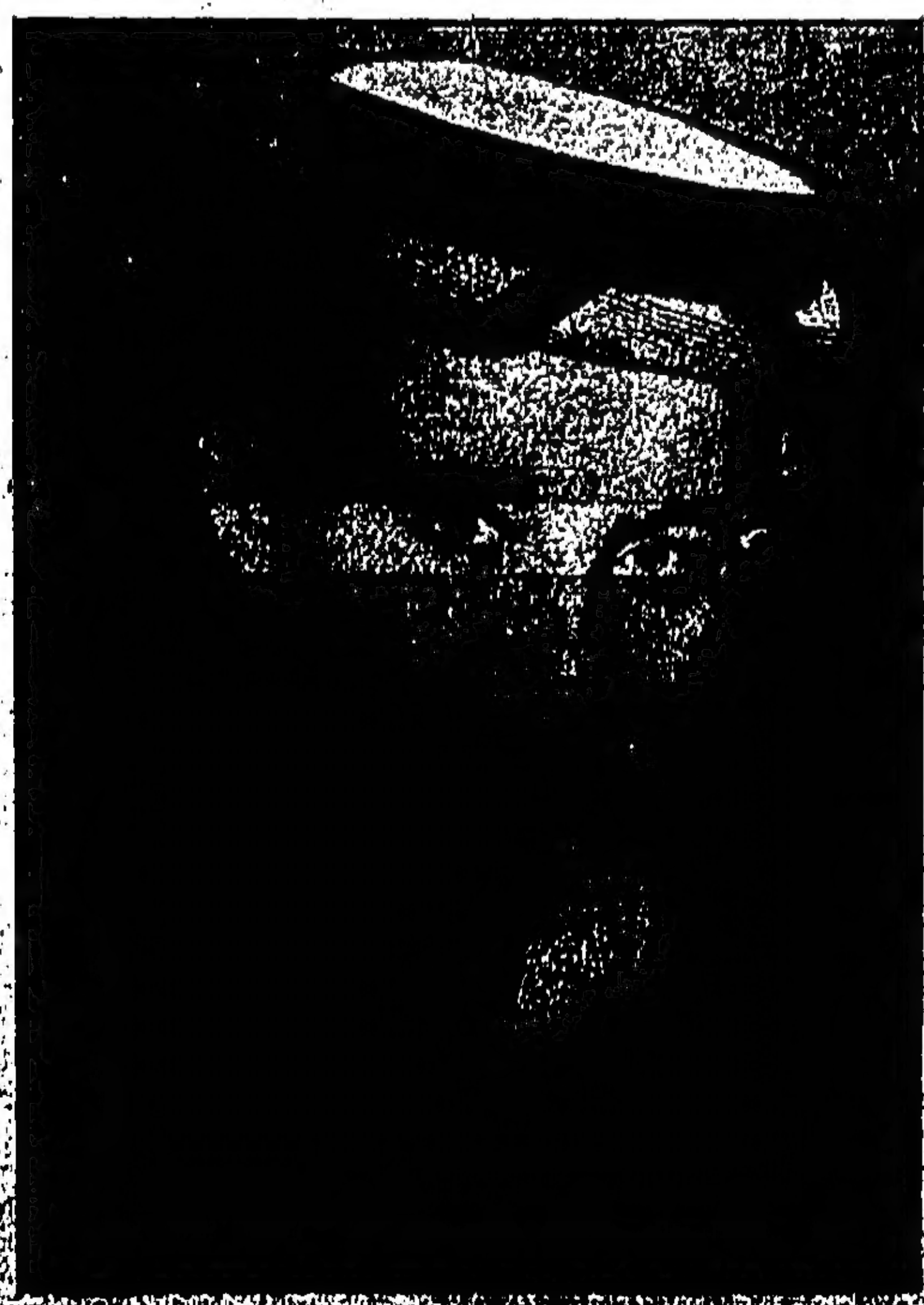
velvet, and line your handbag with candy striped material.

THE CHIGNON CAP

One new idea, if you are really dressing up for the evening, is to comb your hair back from the forehead, curl it loosely on the nape of the neck, then bunch it into a chignon cap. The American variety of these caps is made in gleaming satin to match your dress and is pierced either side with a couple of fancy hat pins.

Another new American idea is to wear a pair of elbow-length mittens, and sew all the charms from your charm bracelet down the length of the seams. But, if you do, remember to remove the mittens before you sit down to dinner. Otherwise you'll find them trailing in the soup.

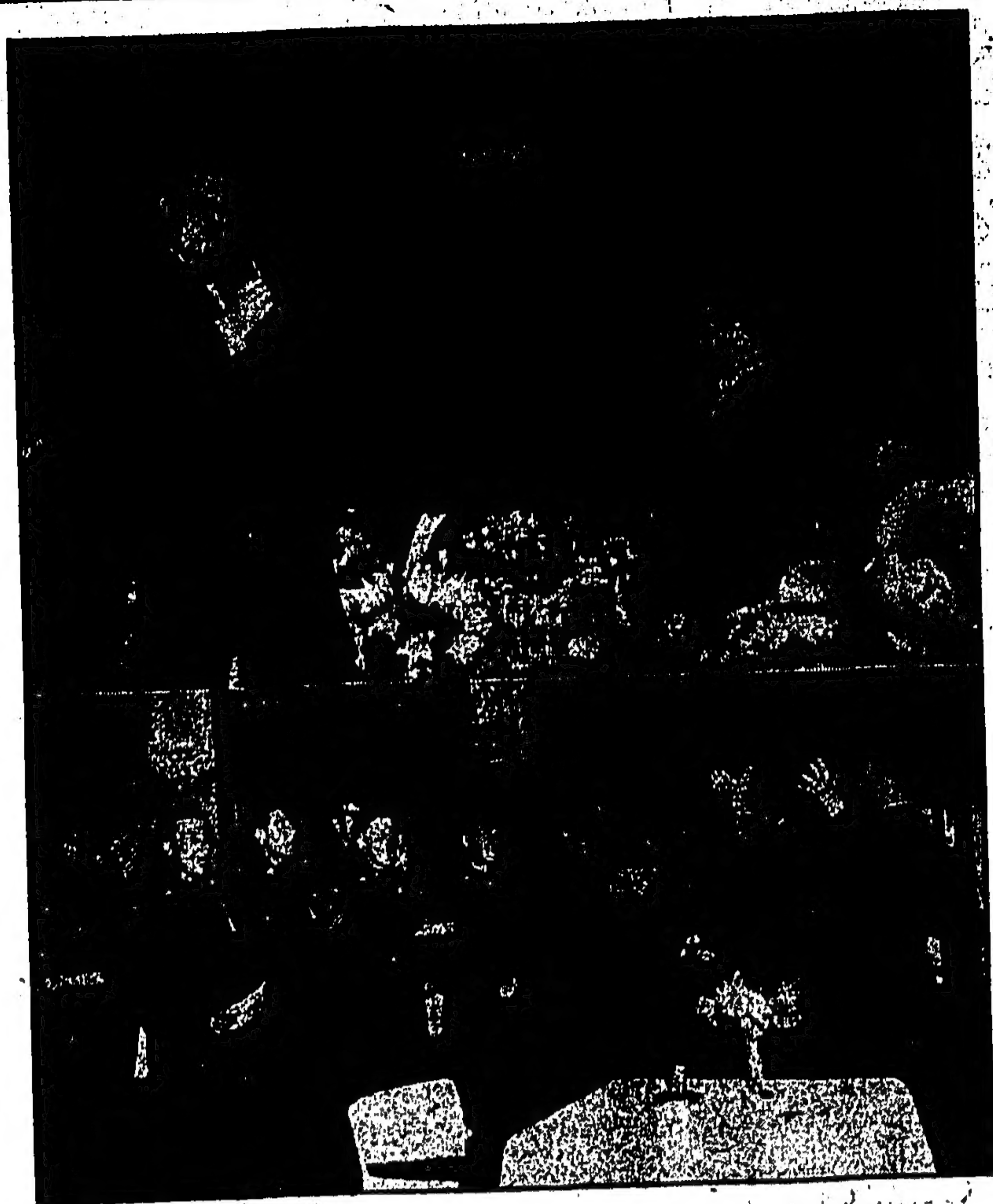
Inspired By Shakespeare



Created by Eileen Langford, a famous costume designer, the dress is made of black velvet and is trimmed with a wide band of gold and red. The skirt is full and the sleeves are long and fitted. The dress is inspired by Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Shrew.

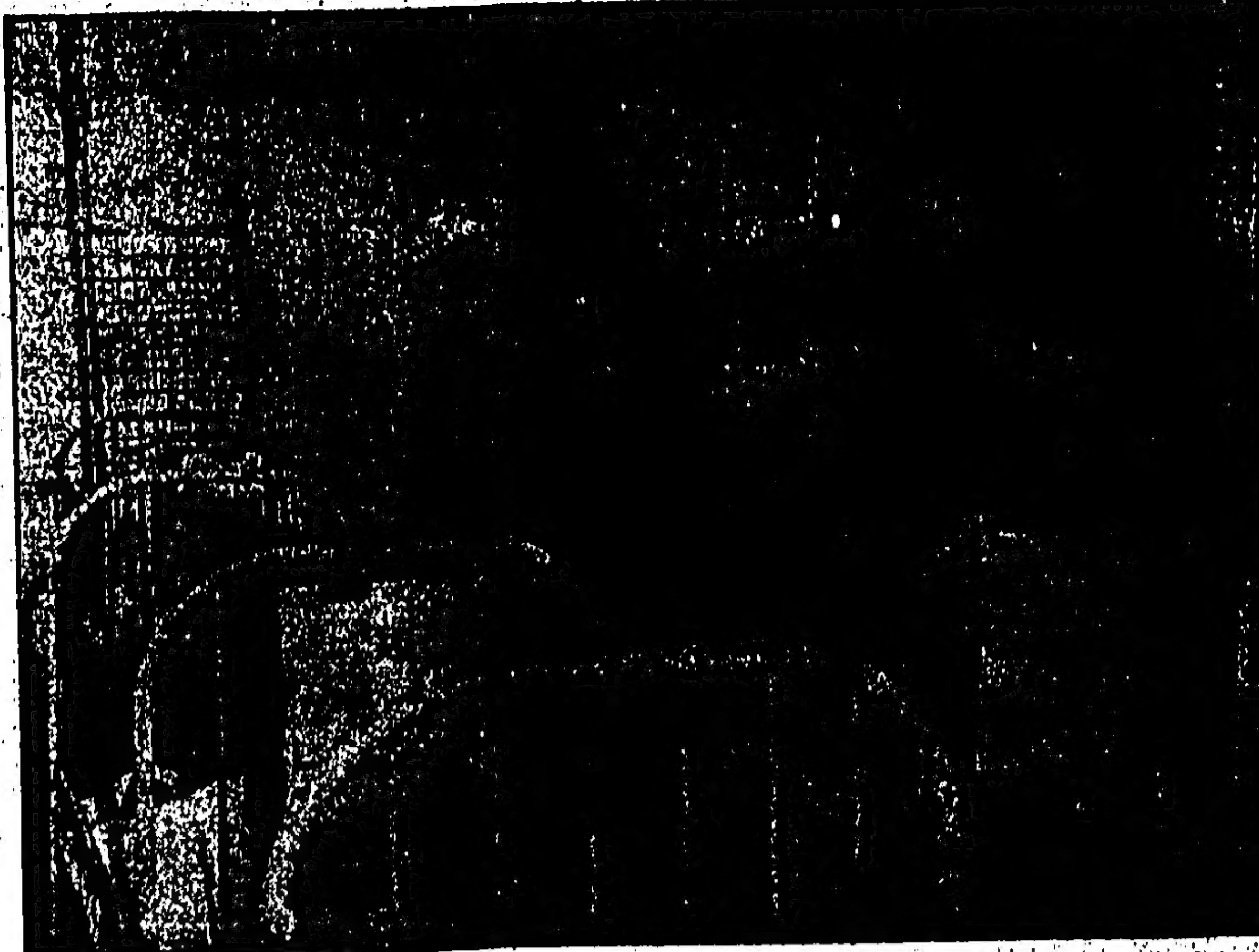
—Ida Jean Kain



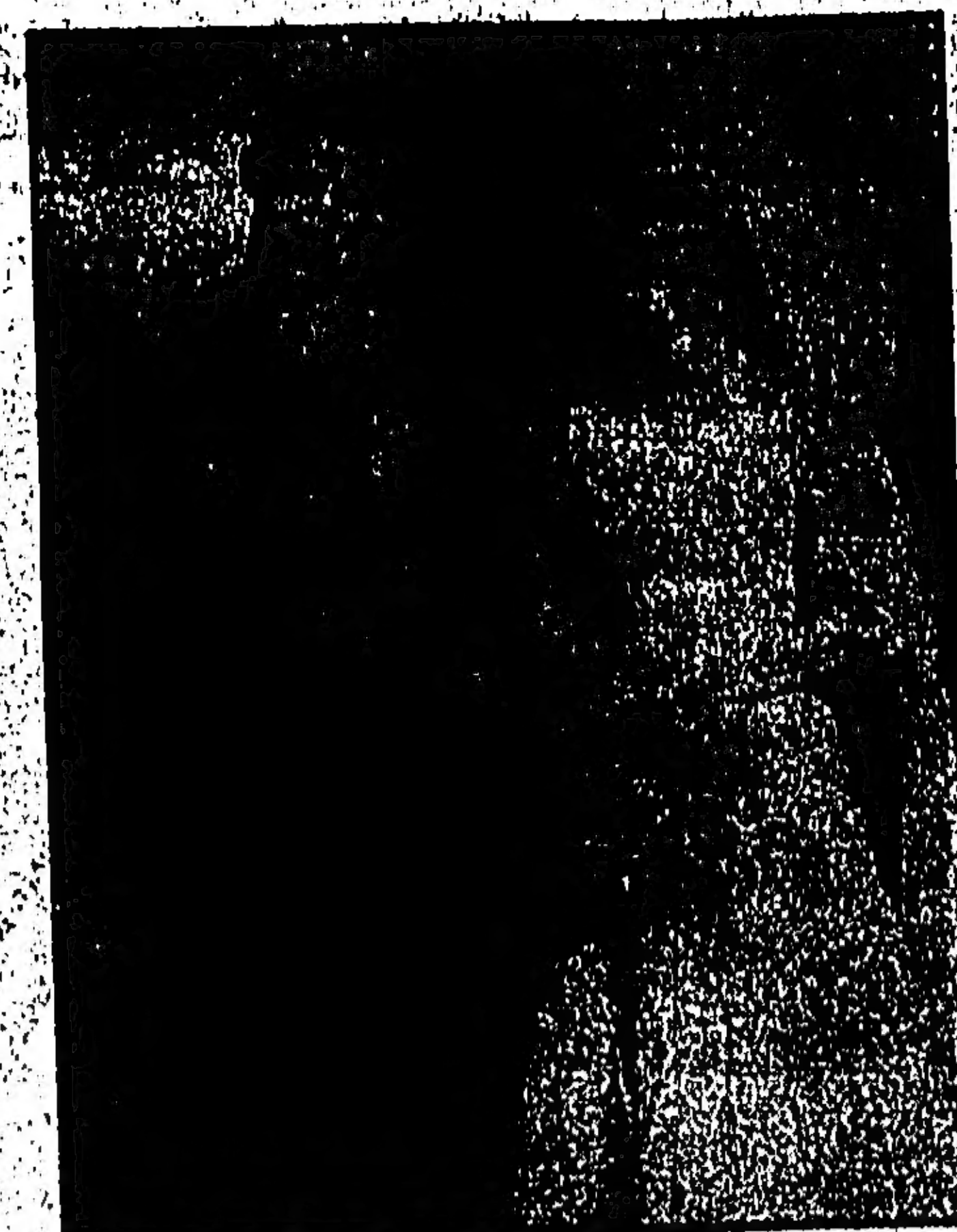
THE time-honoured custom of eating the leek was followed by local Welsh residents at the annual dinner dance of St David's Society, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Mr A. T. Evans is shown with the leek in upper picture, with Mr R. R. Davies, President of the Society, on the right. Lower photo shows the choir from the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, who rendered Welsh airs during the evening. (Staff Photographer)



MR F. Kalugdan (right), a member of the Rotary Club of Cavito, Philippines, presents a banner to Mr George Lin, President of the Hongkong Rotary Club. The presentation took place at the Club's weekly luncheon on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



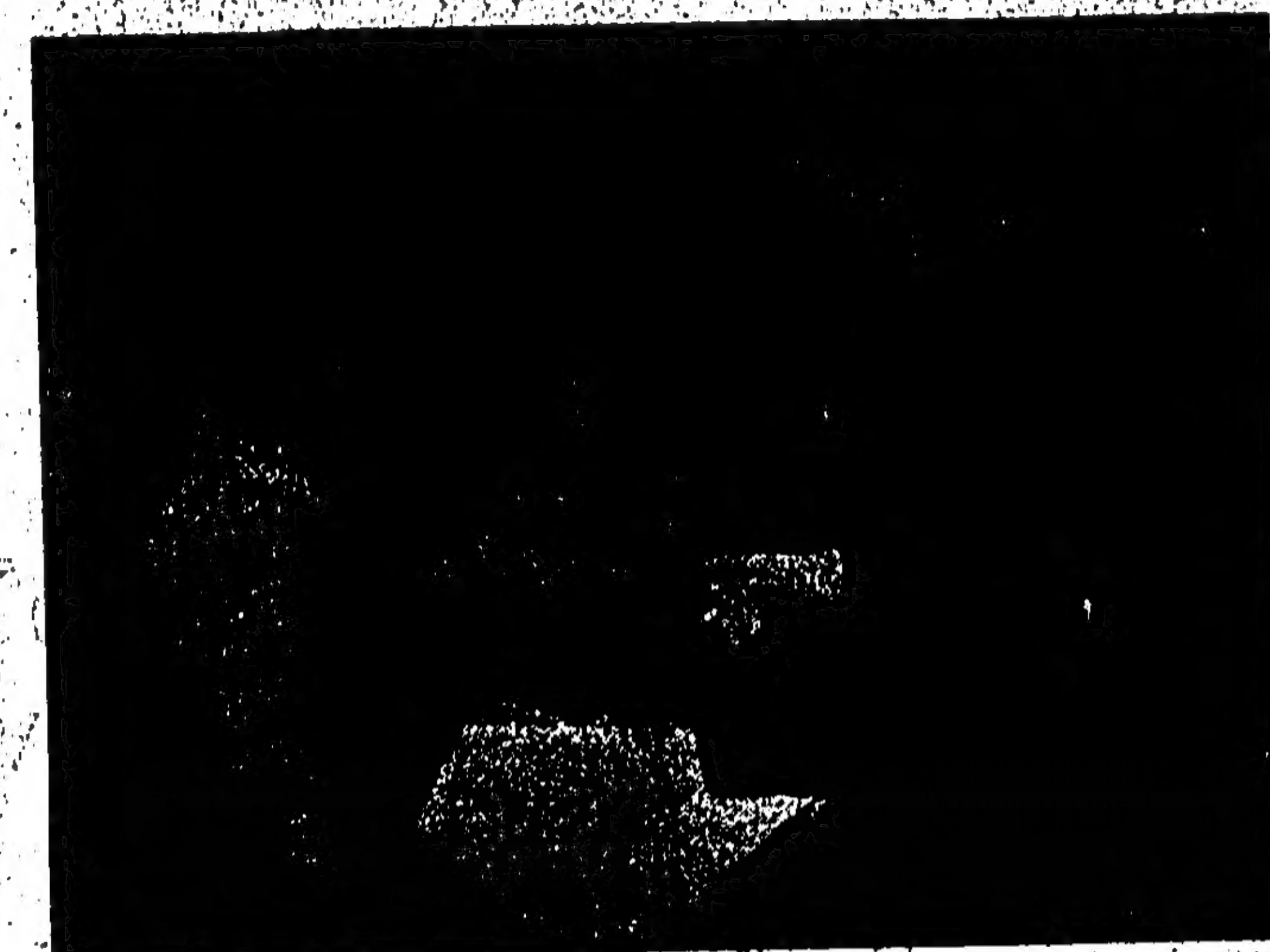
HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, inspecting a children's ward during his visit to the Tung Wah Hospital on Monday. Immediately behind the Governor is Mr Fung Hon-chu, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group. (Staff Photographer)



AFTER their wedding at the Holy Trinity Church last Saturday: Lieutenant Jonathan Hall-Tipping, 1st Battalion, Royal Norfolk Regiment, and Miss Joy Mary Ford. (Staff Photographer)



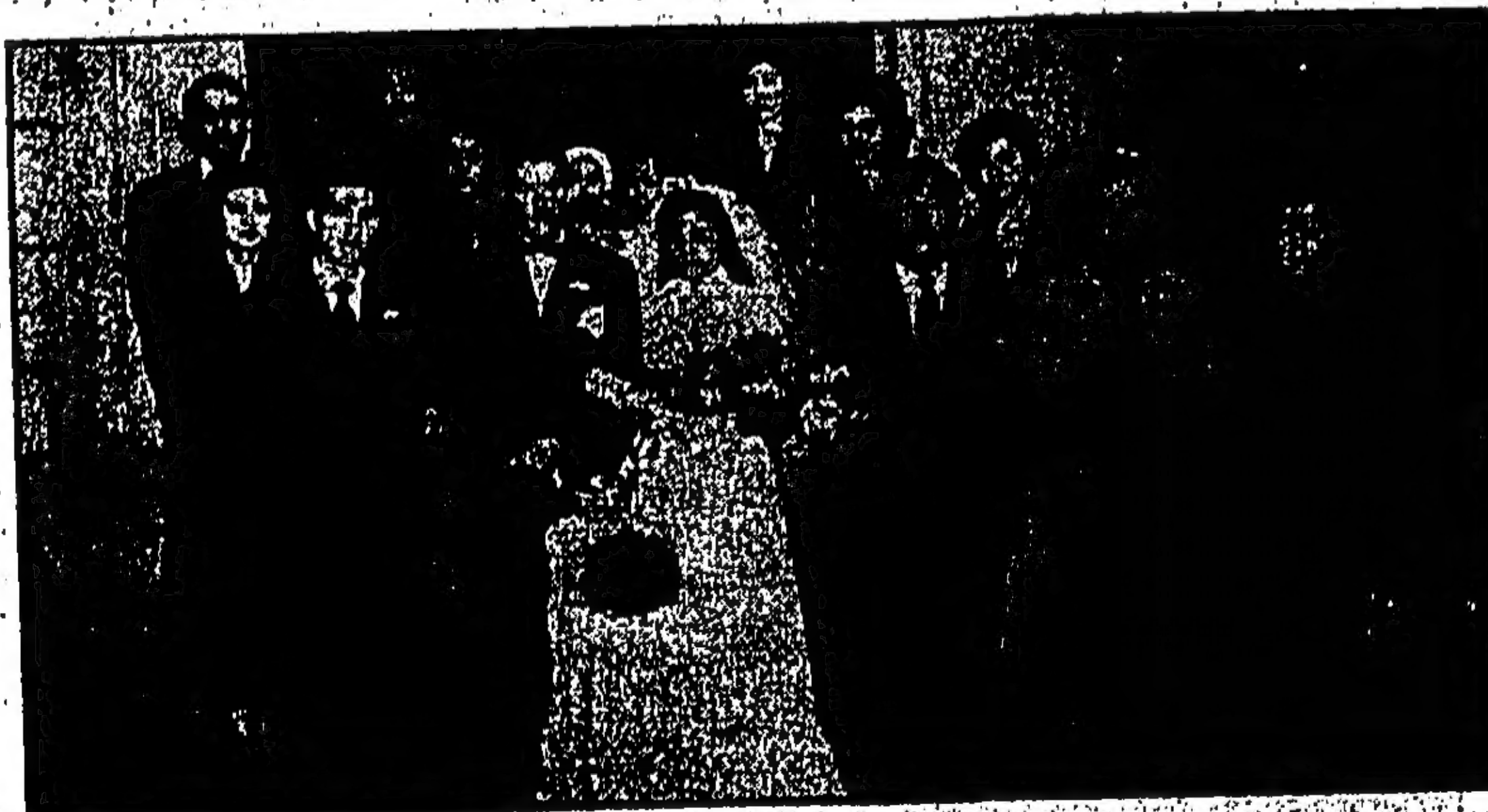
AT the Skai Club dinner held aboard the Italian liner, Asia, last week. Top: Mr L. F. Wood, the Club President, greets Mrs O. F. Hamilton. Bottom: Mr David Edwins shaking hands with Commodore Pett. (Staff Photographer)



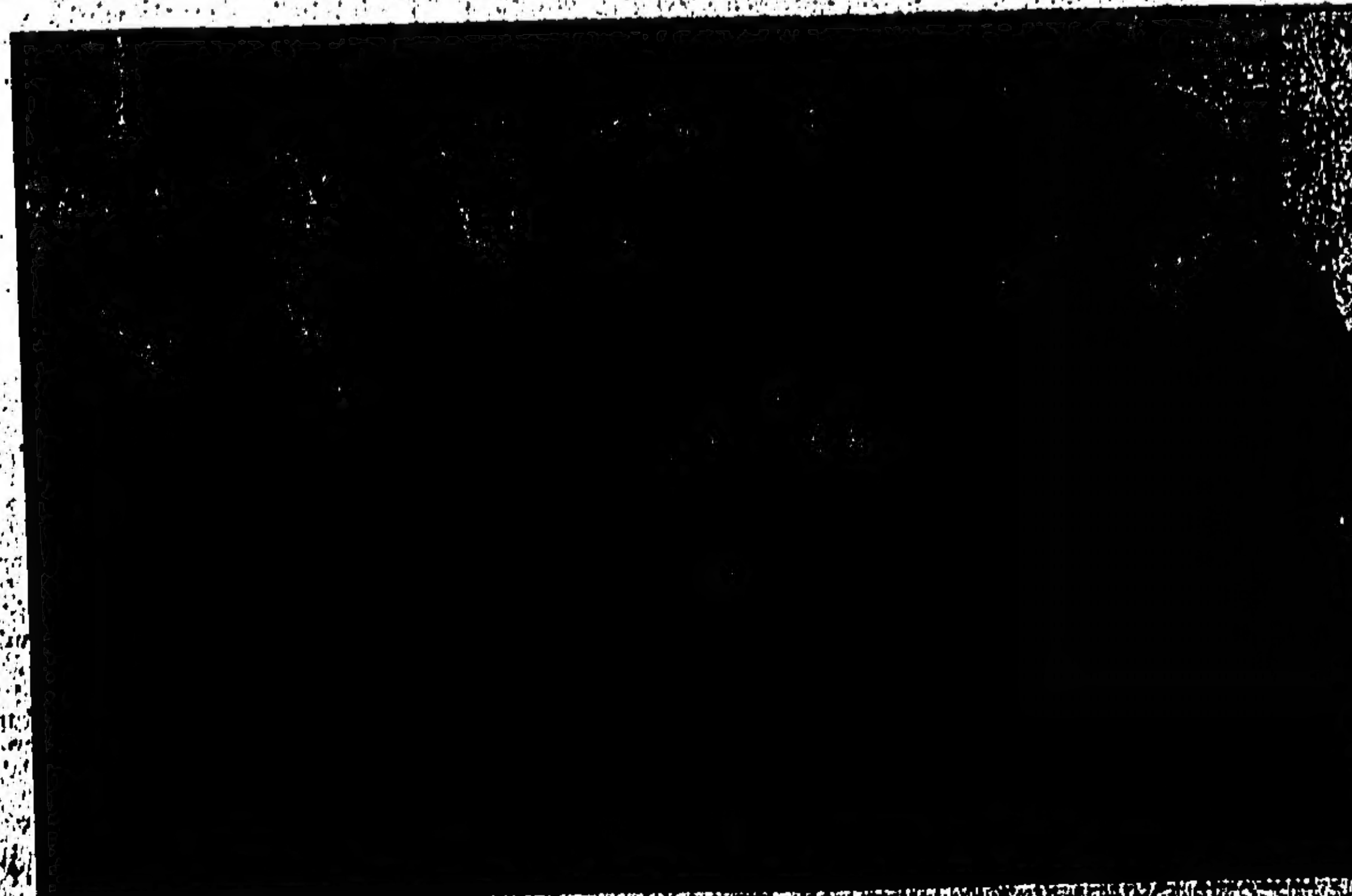
ONE of the girls of St Christopher's Home, Taiipo, presents a basket of flowers to Lady Grantham during her visit there last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr R. E. Lee, Vice-President of the Kowloon Cricket Club, presents Mr A. Spary with a farewell gift from Club colleagues on the eve of his departure on retirement. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Group taken at St Margaret's Church, Happy Valley, following the wedding last Sunday of Mr Terence John Thompson and Miss Ida Margaret Fung. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken at St John's Cathedral on Thursday on the occasion of the christening of Paul Anthony Whitmore Dodd, son of Mr and Mrs A. J. Dodd. (Staff Photographer)

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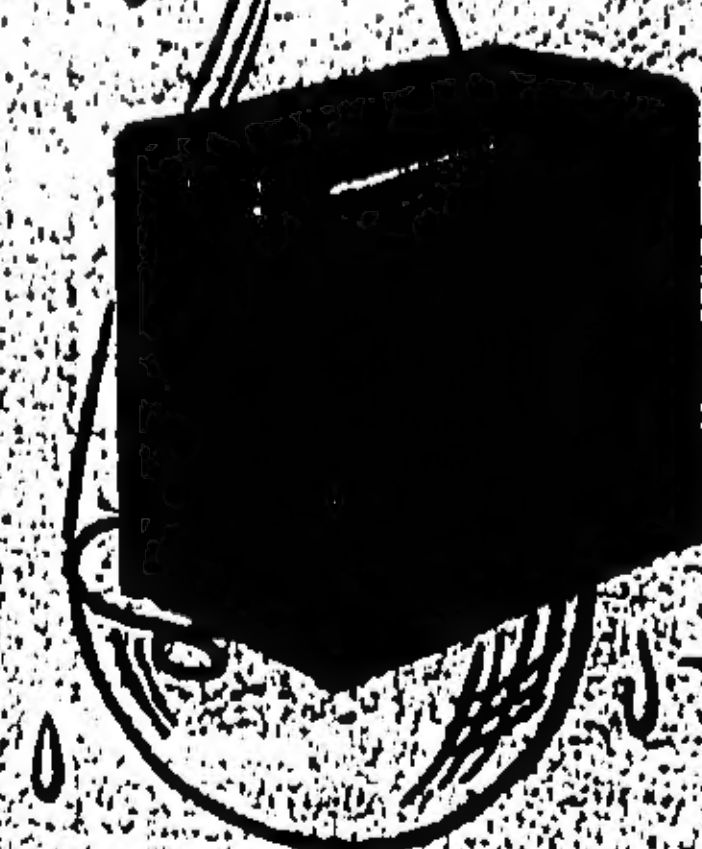
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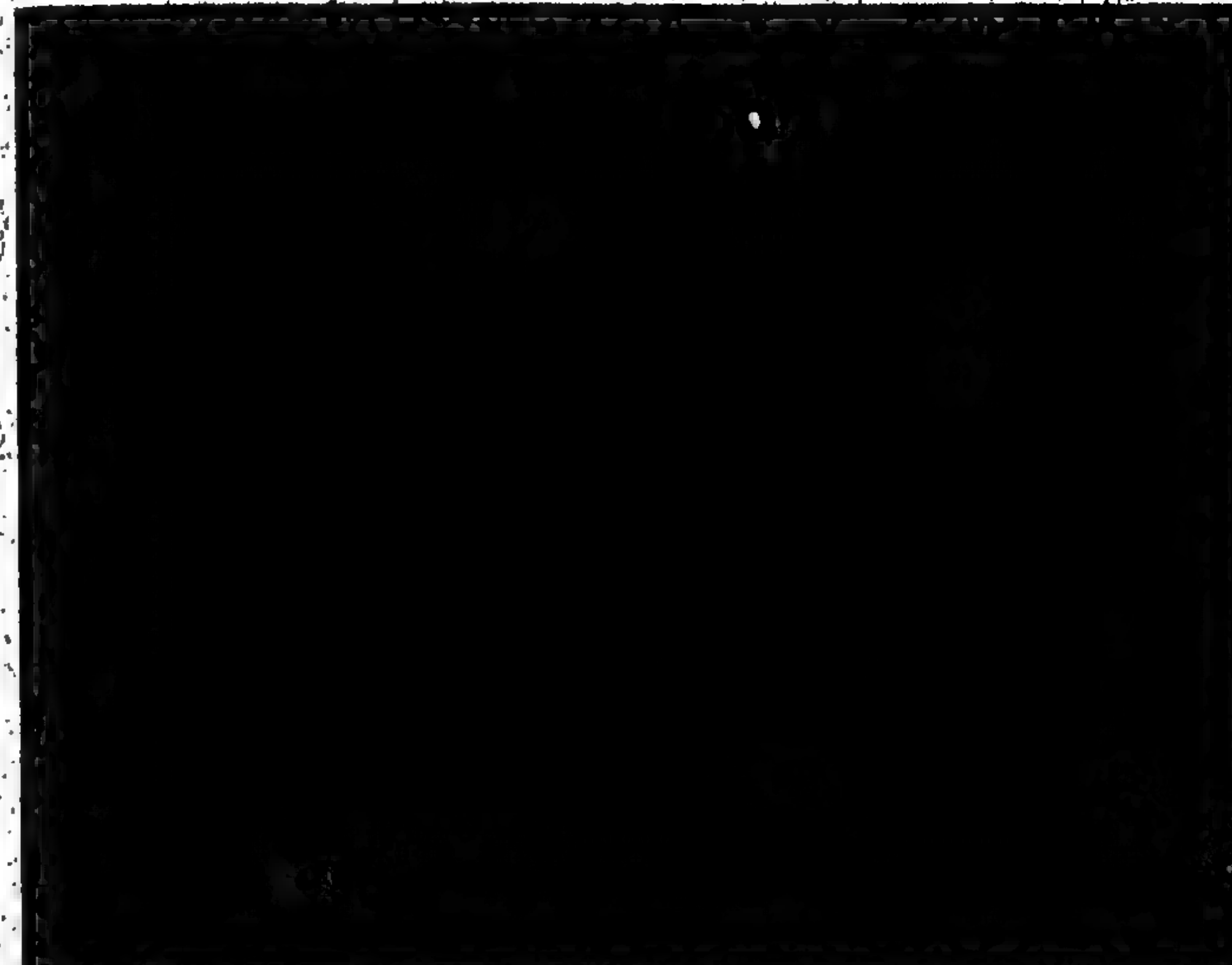
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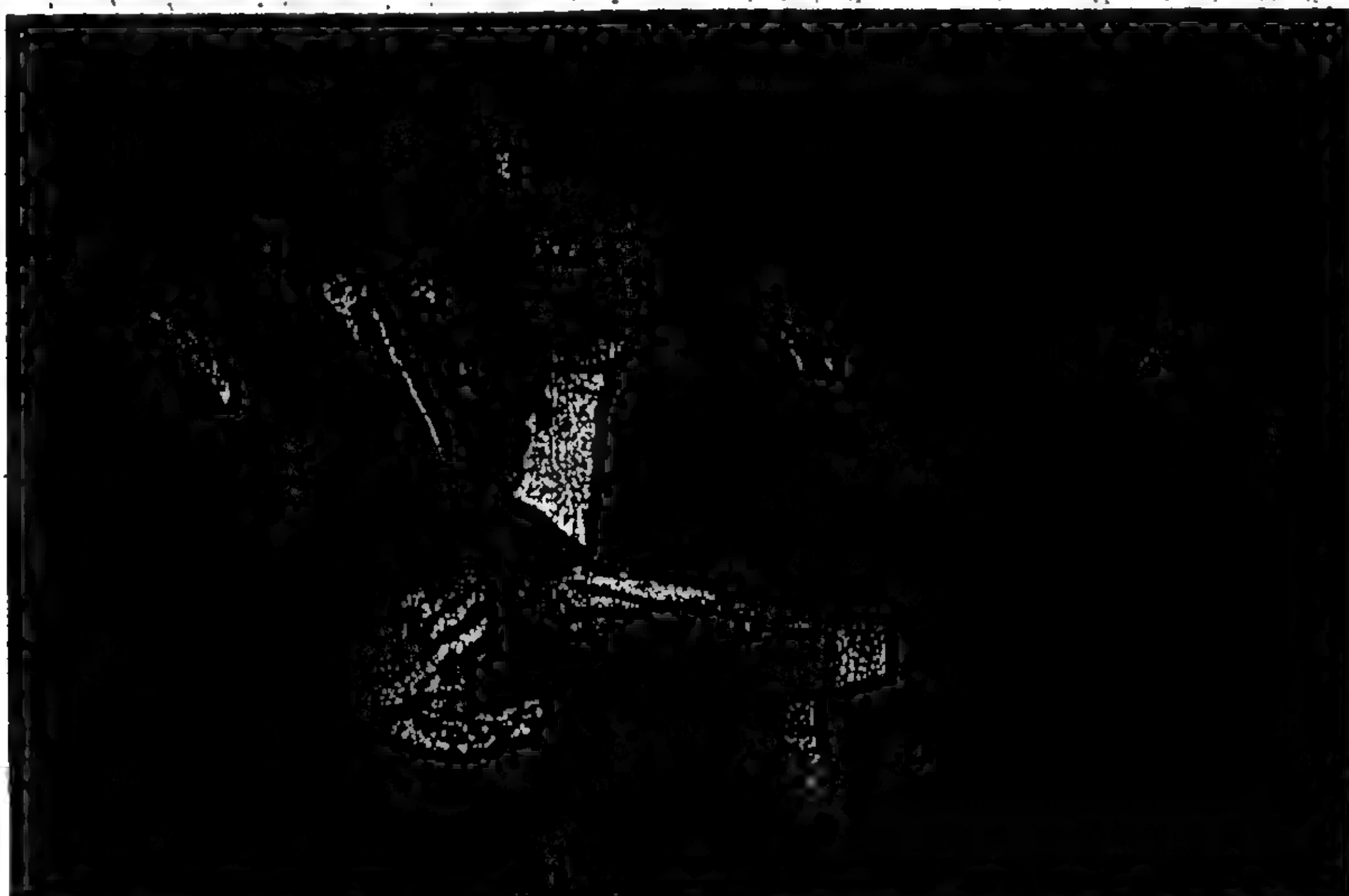
THE San Miguel Brewery last Sunday entertained visiting Junior Chamber of Commerce members, here for their fourth Asian regional conference, at their brewery in the New Territories. In upper picture, Mr Oscar J. Arellano, Vice-President of JCI for Asia, is greeted by Mr Frank Layshon, Manager of San Miguel. In bottom picture, Mr Douglas L. Hogo, President of JCI, Mr A. de O. Sales, President of the Hongkong Chapter, and Mr Tang Kin-sun, at the opening of the Nixon Library at Unlong. (Staff Photographer)



AT the farewell party given by members of the Kowloon Cricket Club to Mr and Mrs F. Goodwin. From left: Mrs Goodwin, Mr E. Abarham, Mr Goodwin, Mrs Nora Lee. (Staff Photographer)



SECOND from right is the Very Rev. Mother Pauline, Mother Provincial of the Sisters of St Paul de Chartres in Hongkong, who was awarded the National Order of the Legion of Honour last week. The French Consul-General, Vicomte Jacques de Soreau de Buxon, who made the presentation, is on extreme right. (Staff Photographer)



MR F. P. Klasen, who is retiring after 25 years' service with the Royal Inter-ocean Line, is being handed a testimonial of good wishes from staff colleagues at a farewell party given in his honour. (Staff Photographer)



MR T. F. Lee, President of the Yale University Alumni Club, speaking at a members' dinner held at the European YMCA last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the wedding at the Rosary Church on Tuesday of Dr Jose Gabriel D'Almeida and Miss Mae Zina Ozorio. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Wedding at the Norwegian Seamen's Mission of Mr Cecil Onsager and Miss Elizabeth Steenerson. (Staff Photographer)



MR W. D. Leighton receiving the China Cup from Mrs A. S. Mitchell at last week's prizegiving of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club. (Staff Photographer)

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ALEXANDRIA HOUSE



GROUP photograph taken at the annual dinner of alumni of the Anglo-Chinese School of Singapore, held at the Malayan Association on Monday. (Ming Yuen)

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*** PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ***

Health Of Expectant Mother An Important Factor To Baby's Tooth Structure

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

BABY teeth may appear any time during the first year, or even before birth. True, it is highly unusual for a child to be born with erupted teeth, and the most usual time for the first teeth to make their appearance is about the sixth month. But it's no cause for distress if the event is delayed until the eighth month. And the earlier appearance of the first tooth is no good excuse for feeling superior to the neighbours, whose baby didn't have his first tooth until he was nine months old. Children are simply different, that's all.

All babies are born with their first teeth well formed and not far below the surface of their gums, and the second set under the first, also advanced to a greater degree than is generally supposed. It is for this reason that the health of the expectant mother is so important, to the tooth health of her baby.

GOOD NUTRITION

Good nutrition is now well understood, as the result of many observations on man and experiments with animals. Good nutrition, for the entire body, and for the teeth as well, is not attributable to just one food or one chemical entity, but depends on ample supply of a variety of all necessary food substances much less sugar than the average consumption per person. In the case of tooth health, this is particularly important during pregnancy, while the basis is being laid for the healthy structure of the teeth. Because of the large role played by calcium in tooth structure, this mineral must be present in liberal supply. Milk is the only really significant source of calcium. But calcium is not successfully employed nutritionally by the animal organism, without plenty of vitamin D. Fish liver oils or synthetic vitamin D must be supplied, since few pregnant women get enough sunshine the year round to supply their own vitamin through the skin changes which take place under irradiation.

Care of the mouth cannot be begun until there are teeth to look after. Unfortunately, it is still the old superstition that baby teeth are coming out anyway, so why waste time and money keeping them filled? Few false ideas have done more harm. Baby teeth lost too soon interfere with proper growth of the jaw and may result in crowding the permanent teeth and making them come in crooked. Neglected infections in the mouth are drags on the general health. And baby teeth with nesting cavities do not encourage adequate chewing and may account in part for some children's eating problems.

FIRST VISIT TO DENTIST

A good time for the first visit to the dentist is when the first teeth have pretty well erupted—about the age of 24 to 30 months. This gives him a chance to look them over, get acquainted with the child and gain his confidence when no pain or discomfort is associated with the dental visit, and lay plans for regular care of baby teeth, which is as good an assurance as there is of having good permanent teeth with a minimum of pain, inconvenience and expense.

INHERITED TRAITS

There are three principal factors in tooth health; and the condition of the mouth. Heredity is generally regarded as an important factor in tooth health on the basis of observed family experiences with dental health. With little or no reference to mouth or tooth care, some families seem to consist principally of individuals who retain their own teeth in good condition to an advanced age. In other families the reverse is true. Sometimes good tooth health is observed in the presence of poor nutrition and poor care; this can then be attributed only to inherently good teeth. The opposite situation, where there is much decay despite excellent tooth care and good nutrition, must be interpreted in like manner as due to inherent lack of resistance in the teeth themselves. The exact explanation of how heredity operates in this area is not available.

A Perfect Complement To A Pretty Dress

A PRETTY party dress is not enough. No matter how lovely your off-the-shoulder net cocktail dress a large handbag with it will ruin the effect of dainty femininity. The ideal cocktail bag should be attractively tiny, yet capacious enough to hold everything you need. Considering this black, boxy bag with the fluttering tassel and shimmering studs, it seems to me to be the perfect complement to a pretty dress. Why not make it?

DIRECTIONS

You will need 1/3 of a yard of taffeta, 36ins wide; 1/3 of a yard of lining fabric 36ins wide; 1/2 yd. of fringing, 1in. wide, to line with the taffeta; a piece of canvas, 24ins. x 3/4in. for stiffening the handle; approximately 42 large beads, in diameter and 5ins. deep with a lid 3/4in. deep.

Now here are the cutting directions:—

BAG—Cut two pieces 17 1/2ins. x 5ins. (one from taffeta and one from lining fabric).

TWO CIRCLES

BASE—Cut two circles 6ins. in diameter (one from taffeta, and one from lining fabric).

LID—Cut two circles the diameter of lid plus 1in. (one from taffeta and one from lining).

LID BAND—Cut two pieces the circumference of the lid



IT'S ROOMY—AND EASY TO MAKE

plus 1in. x 1 1/4in. (one from taffeta and the other from the lining).

HANDLE—Cut one piece 24ins. x 24ins. from taffeta. And here are your sewing directions:—

- 1 Place the short ends of the taffeta bag right sides together, edges even, and stitch. Press the seam open.
- 2 Bag sections right sides together, edges even, and stitch. Trim the turnings and press. Turn the bag to the right side.
- 3 Sew beads on to the taffeta bag as in the photograph.
- 4 Place the box inside the bag. Turn the top raw edge of the taffeta over the cardboard and stick it firmly down.

THE LINING

5 Make up the lining in the same way as the taffeta bag. Place the lining inside the cardboard box. Turn in the top raw edge of the lining, and slip stitch in position to the taffeta. Now stab stitch round the base seam of the bag.

6 Make up the taffeta and lining lid sections in the same way as for the bag, and cover the lid as before.

7 Place the fringe round the edge of the lid and slip stitch it into position.

THE HANDLE

8 Fold the taffeta handle in half lengthwise, right sides together, edges even. Machine stitch the long raw edges together. Trim the seam and pull the handle through to the right side. Press the seam to the centre of the handle.

9 Pull the canvas stiffening through the handle, then turn in the short raw ends and slip stitch to either side of the bag at the base. Slip stitch the handle to the bag 1in. from the top.

10 The lid should be stitched to the bag with a button-hole loop at the handle. Half-inch turnings have been allowed all round.

When You Get Into A Jam—



YOU can't get a drawer open? Moving the furniture to a warmer spot may cure the trouble in a few days....

A quick tip: Shake french chalk on the runners and bearing surfaces....

Do not ease a piece of glass paper round flat with a wood straightener....

Wrap a piece of glass paper round flat with a wood straightener....

Line a piece of glass paper round flat with a wood straightener....

Ideas — from different parts of the world — to make your kitchen a pleasant place to work in

GIVE YOUR KITCHEN PERSONALITY

By Hazel Meyrick

PEOPLE have a habit of congregating for cups of tea in a kitchen and you yourself may have to spend a lot of time in it. So you might as well make it look its best. And give it personality.

My own kitchen is a particularly small one and a most peculiar shape—triangular, with more ceiling than floor space. But it has accidentally assumed a vivid personality.

MAKE USE OF CEILING

I have to hang everything up. So I have strings of Breton onions and cheeses in muslin dangling from the ceiling, also fresh vegetables, cups and jugs. Not content with that, I also hang up anything that amuses me. I have bunches of empty Chianti bottles, a gingerbread heart from Nuremberg which I can't bring myself to eat, and a cardboard mobile of a cat.

Since I can't have a streamlined room with plenty of cupboards, I liberally cultivate a cluttered atmosphere by decorating the walls with coloured plates and cheese tiles, open shelves full of spices in jars. To emphasise this look, I have found a cluttered-looking wall-paper, patterned with salads, lobsters and all kinds of dishes.

Visitors say it's the craziest kitchen they have ever seen, but they all want to start cooking in it right away.

Given an open cheque, you or anyone else can design a dream kitchen, but if it is arranged in a particular way, any kitchen can become a pleasant place to work in.

FOR COOLNESS

Use the material as a frill to edge unsightly shelves, or as curtaining under draining boards and tables. You can turn old sweet or tobacco tins into matching storage canisters too, by glueing the fabric over them. You can, if you wish, now buy red and white checked china to go with your colour scheme.

In Italy they also plan checked kitchens, this time for coolness. Black and white tiles not only cover the floor and the walls but often decorate their rather cumbersome cooking ranges.

In America, many families who could have all the washing machines they want, give their kitchens a home spun, country air instead. They line the walls with pine boarding, hang old-fashioned patty tins from beams in the ceiling, and fill the room with 'old colonial' furniture.

Nothing Better Than Nuts—As Appetiser

By Ida Bailey Allen

"SPEAKING of nuts," said the Chef, "I can never understand some of the strange expressions that I hear sometimes. For example, somebody says, 'It's the nuts'; or 'nuts to you'; or so-and-so is a 'nut'—what does it all mean?"

"Those are all slang expressions, Chef, that probably originated in the days when chess was so plentiful and worth much."

"But it's different today. Nuts are general classed as a good source of Vitamin B and protein, as well as fat. Chopped and added to a salad, muffin batter, biscuits or poultry dressing, or used as a topping for vegetables or chow mein, they add not only glamour, but real food value as well."

"And, Madame, there is no better diet to serve with cocktails; and nothing finer for dessert than roasted whole nuts with raisins or an apple."

Nuts Roasted in the Shell: Use with walnuts, pecans, almonds and Brazil nuts. Place the nuts in a layer in a shallow baking pan. Roast at 350°-375° F. for 20 min. walnuts and Brazil nuts for 30 min. Serve cracked in the shell.

Devilled Nutmeat: Place a layer of blanched almonds, or other nutmeats, in a frying basket. Fry in deep peanut oil hot enough to brown a 1/4-lb. cube of bread in 40 sec. Drain thoroughly on absorbent paper towels. Sprinkle with a little mixed salt, pepper and powdered ginger. If desired, large plump moist raisins may be added and spooned at the same time and served with the nuts.

Salted Almonds: Cover 1/2 lb. almonds with cold water. Bring to a boil; drain and slip

- Dinner**
- Grappfruit
 - Carrot Sticks
 - Celery
 - Roast Chicken
 - Brown Gravy
 - Flaky Rice
 - Brussels Sprouts
 - Gratin
 - Pineapple Bavarian
 - Coffee
 - Tea
 - Milk
- All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve 4 to 6

Brussels Sprouts: Gratin: Cook 2c. Brussels sprouts as usual. Cut in halves. Make a sauce by melting 2 tsp. butter or margarine, adding 1/4 tsp. paprika and 1/4 tsp. salt, then stirring in 2/3 c. liquid drained from the cooked Brussels sprouts, and 2/3 c. milk. When boiling, add the sprouts. Arrange in buttered shallow egg dishes. Top with 1/2 c. fine-grained bread crumbs mixed with 1 tsp. melted butter or margarine. Brown in a hot oven, 400° F.

Pineapple Bavarian: Let 2 envelopes unflavoured gelatin stand in 1/4 c. cold water 5 min. Meanwhile, drain and measure the juice from a 1 lb. (No. 1) can of pineapple. Add enough water to make 1 1/2 c. liquid. Bring to boiling point. Add the gelatin and 1/2 c. sugar. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Add 3 tbs. lemon juice. Refrigerate; and as the mixture begins to set, fold in the grated pineapple and 1 c. whipped heavy cream mixed with 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Spoon into individual moulds. Chill 4 hrs. or until firm.

Household Hints

Lemons produce more juice if they're heated before being squeezed.

Buttons will stay attached longer if the threads are painted with clear fingernail polish.

A tablespoon of vinegar added to the water after beets have been peeled and sliced will keep their colour a bright red.

You can remove aspirin from the tin without breaking the tin, if you open the tin from the bottom.

In washing glassware, be sure to warm cold glasses gradually before plunging them into hot water.

Dolls' Hospital Performs Major Operations

By HELEN SYME

WHERE would you go if you wanted a portrait in latex of Captain Harry Llewellyn, on Foxhunter; the chance of buying a doll three thousand years old; your child's favourite toy repaired.

To a sculptor, a dealer in toys, a dolls' hospital—where?

In London, you would go to the Knightsbridge shop where all this is in the day's work for Mrs. Lavender Dower. You would go down the twelve steps to the basement and find fair-haired Mrs. Dower, in polo necked sweater and drill slacks, in the midst of it all.

Here is one of the few dolls' hospitals in London. Certainly it is the only one which specialises in restoring wax dolls and also deals, collects and models in latex and clay.

London, photograph, paint in the colour of the eyes, choose the cut of the hair and type of clothes required. From the children who order them—often from as far afield as South Africa—she receives intricate diagrams and details explaining just what they want.

But it is not only children who are interested. Captain Harry Llewellyn, for instance, asked her to do a figure in latex of himself on Foxhunter.

She makes painted clay models, too, and there's no limit to the variety. Amongst the back numbers are a pink octopus with a blonde wig, a performing seal, and bookends of the owl and the pussycat. Getting likenesses in clay or latex is no problem for Mrs. Dower. She trained as a sculptor at the Royal College in London, gave it up as a career when her husband went into politics so that she could have time to entertain for him.

As a collector, her life is full of surprises. She never knows what will turn up. One week she acquires one of the very earliest dolls, a wooden figure, dressed fashionably from head to foot—in the fashion of 1450 B.C. Another week she has a Noah's Ark, cherished in a family for generations, which still has all its animals, hand-carved in wood and arranged in pairs.

She might perhaps have a rare peddler's doll, which is dressed as a peddler and carries a tray of wares, all scaled down to lilliputian size. One she received recently was made in Queen Anne's time; and its wares included a book of the Beggar's Opera, quarter the size of a postage stamp.

She has dolls of every nationality and every age—ltd. Indians, complete with papoose, Kate Greenaway models, German and Japanese dolls.

"Look at the character in the faces of the old ones," she says, "compared with some of the modern products."

To illustrate this, she points to Louisa, a young Victorian lady, the proud possessor of real hair like Alice in Wonderland, a hairbrush, a cane, a seated chair—and an angelic expression. And to Dora, "not such an old lady," she's only seventy, with delicate commeasure, copy a face from a picture and finely cut features.

BE WARM AND GAY TO GREET SPRING

By Shirley Lowe

HERE are a jersey wool cap and collared scarf especially designed to meet early spring.

Make them in red and grey, wear them with a plain suit or coat, and you will be more cheerful than the weather.

Materials needed: Two-thirds of a yard of red jersey wool, 24ins. wide; two-thirds of a yard of grey striped jersey wool, 24ins. wide; a piece of tailor's canvas, 18ins. x 24ins. wide.

So bright.

Make the patterns from the diagram (below). Solid spots mark the edge to be laid to the fold of the fabric.

arrows mark the straight grain, and CB marks the centre back. Here are the cutting directions—allow 1/4in. seams round all the pattern pieces.

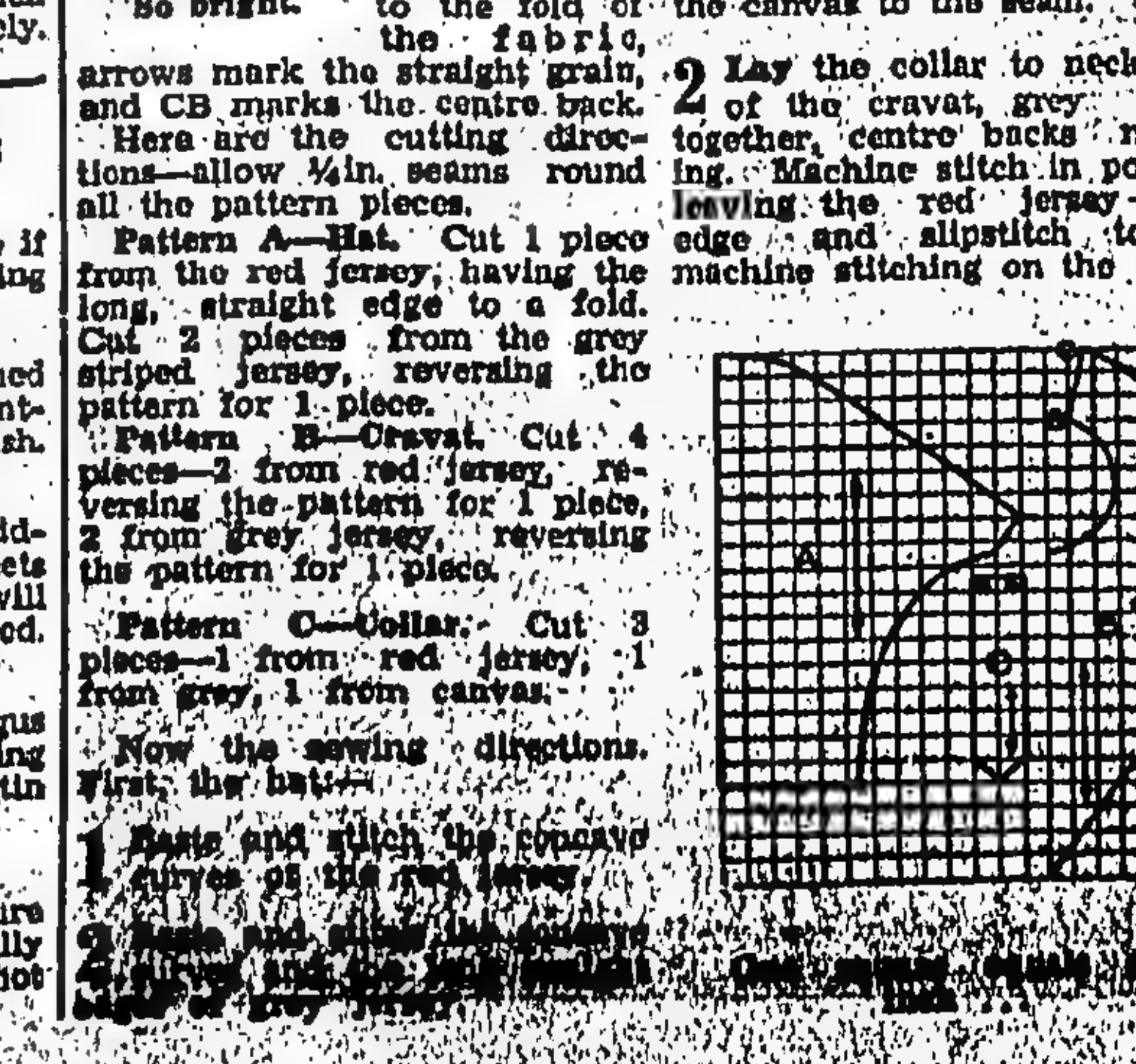
Pattern A—Hat. Cut 1 piece from the red jersey, having the long, straight edge to a fold. Cut 2 pieces from the grey striped jersey, reversing the pattern for 1 piece.

Pattern B—Cravat. Cut 4 pieces—2 from red jersey, reversing the pattern for 1 piece; 2 from grey jersey, reversing the pattern for 1 piece.

Pattern C—Collar. Cut 3 pieces—1 from red jersey, 1 from grey, 1 from canvas.

Now the sewing directions: First the hat:—

- 1 Sew and stitch the opposite curves of the red jersey.
- 2 Sew and stitch the opposite curves of the grey jersey.
- 3 Sew and stitch the opposite curves of the canvas.



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HOUSE OF COMMONS IS BECOMING A DULL PLACE

By BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP

READERS of the London Letter will know how deeply I admire and enjoy the British Houses of Parliament. Even though it may mean weary late hours I never lose the feeling of drama when I see the light in the clock tower proclaiming to the world that the House is still in session.

At six o'clock the other evening the silk stockinged Sergeant at Arms from the House of Lords invited us to "The Other Place" to hear the giving of the Royal Assent to various bills that had been passed. So we made a procession, led by Mr Speaker, to the Upper House where three Peers in their robes and cocked hats were sitting at the far end rather like three Tweedle Dees.

The clerk then read a message from the Queen regretting that she could not arrange to be present. As Her Majesty was at the other side of the world we understood her dilemma. But in the message Her Majesty informed that she had appointed her beloved uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to sign necessary documents on her behalf.

The clerk then read out the names of the three Peers—each one raising his cocked hat in turn—who were there to see that everything was done according to custom. Whereupon the clerk announced: "Navy, Army and Air Force Reserves, Licensing (Seamen's Cantons), National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland"—and two or three others equally puzzling.

FOR each bill the three Peers raised their hats, thus signifying the Royal Assent, and the clerk at the table declared in Ancient Norman that the Queen would it so. Thus did Her Gracious Majesty indicate that the bills should pass into law.

When it was all over we paraded two by two back to our own House where Mr Speaker informed us of what we had just seen, and then we got down to business.

I do not know how often I have seen that quaint performance but it never loses its mystic quality and its atmosphere of the centuries. Not even Aneurin Bevan would do away with it if he could, because at

well as autocracy must have its symbols.

But all is not well with the Old Mother of Parliaments. Everyone of us knows that is true. Even the public gallery of the Commons is only half full most of the time and frequently there is only a sprinkling of MPs on the benches.

For example, take the much trumpeted debate when Rab Butler returned from the Sydney conference. There were reports that a group of Tory rebels would charge him with selling the Empire down the river. Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers, too, barbed him day after day, declaring that he had bartered Imperial Preferential Tariffs for an illusory dream of world trade.

THE debate was on a Thursday and no vote would be taken. The House was packed to hear Butler when he rose at 3.30 in the afternoon, but when John Foster began his winding-up speech as Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Affairs, there were exactly 12 MPs in the Chamber. And when Foster finished there were only 10.

What had happened? There is a partial explanation although a poor one. Finding that there would be no division a large number of Northern and Midland members left for their homes to have an unexpectedly long week-end. And, after all, they could read the whole debate next day in Hansard, but that is not the whole story.

Now let us switch for a moment to the North Hford by-election in East London. Forty-eight hours before the polling the Tory candidate had to cancel one of his two meetings because nobody turned up. I agree that the weather was cold, but not that cold.

Day after day, night after night, the House of Commons debates go on and on, but when the opening speeches are finished the attendance thins out. There is no law that compels us to stay in the Chamber, and admittedly we have committees and other distractions or duties, but the undeniable fact remains that our debates have an air of unreality.

kindness. But it is not conducive to great thoughts or verbal splendour to be regarded as Lobby fodder. That is what we are, and I agree that it is no one's fault.

Yet why, why, why have our debates declined to their present paltry? To change the metaphor—where is the cut and thrust of argument? Where is the passion that once drove members almost to personal violence? And where are the tremendous figures, not necessarily ministers, whose intervention in a debate could change its whole course?

I can remember even in my time when Sir Robert Horne, a powerful but only a private Member, stood up and said that the House would not accept Neville Chamberlain's Budget and forced the Government to retreat. Yet Horne was a Tory and a good one. Later on when the shadow of Hitler was on us, Churchill the Tory attacked Chamberlain the Tory without mercy.

And I have seen the great Lloyd George in my time away a debate, although he led only a tiny squad of disappearing Liberals.

I know the temptation of the veteran to say that things were better in the good old days. But that is not my point. Somehow there is no clash at present between the British political parties comparable to the Parliaments of the past.

This in itself is odd. When the Liberals and the Tories were the two main parties they both represented private ownership and capitalist enterprise—yet they fought like the Lion and the Unicorn. I agree that the Irish members set the pace, but the war of Asquith and Lloyd George against the Tories was more deadly if not so violent.

EVEN when the Irish had gone, and Labour had begun its great rise after the 1914-18 war, Parliament was vital and hot with controversy. The financial crash followed the General Strike and we saw the temporary annihilation of the Socialist Party. Baldwin and his prisoner Ramsey MacDonald led a National Government with a huge majority consisting mostly of Conservatives.

Baldwin would have liked to sit back and use his majority to crush any moves by the Opposition, but Beaverbrook opened fire on him with his Empire Free Trade guns. It was a tremendous battle in which, as an Editor, I assisted with a daily bombardment of the written word. The whole nation was alive with controversy as Beaverbrook waged his campaign with gusto, astonishing violence. Nor did he lack victories.

Now let us skip a lot of pages and come to the election of 1945 following the end of the war. Churchill and the Tories were swept out by a grateful electorate and "the century of Socialism" had begun. We Tories were only a remnant, but by heaven, now we should be attacked by day and

Take Off Into Space With Science Fiction

By LES ARMOUR

THE rain pelted down in an inky darkness. Mayfair was a blur of scurrying pedestrians and honking cabs.

Inside No. 7, Albermarle Street, damp members of the National Book League sat in a dim eighteenth-century drawing-room illuminating on the state of literature, the attractiveness of the blonde usherette, and the rain.

Publisher Robert Lusty issued a frosty smile from the rostrum and commanded: "Fasten your safety belts, ladies and gentlemen. We are about to take off."

And off we went—into the echoing reaches of the galaxy peopled by gangsters, gun molls, and weird machines; the exotic, stupe-

fying world of a thousand years hence.

We were in excellent hands. Our space pilots were John Carnell, principal architect of the current boom in Science Fiction; Arthur Clarke, chairman of the British Interplanetary Society; and John Wyndham, novelist and expert on what he calls "the more humdrum world stretching about as far as the moons of Jupiter."

Then there was W.B. Stevenson, librarian of the Borough of Hounsey. He was there to effect a crash landing.

The journey had a serious purpose. Science Fiction has already depicted the Western and it is making serious inroads on the sales of Who-Dun-Its.

The members of the National Book League—publishers,

librarians, and writers mostly—are keenly interested in the phenomenon.

Mr Carnell cranked up the time machine and whisked us back to the 1920's. Science Fiction was pretty queer stuff in those days.

Anything might happen: Susan pressed the switch activating her hi-fi energiser and shot through space-time at a speed approximating the cube-root of the square of the speed of light.

It was definitely stuff for the initiated—and mostly "sheer nonsense."

Spirit, Method

Then the publishers divined that there was little money to be made out of this class of reader and began to improve and refine their production. Scientists were hired to work out the plots and literary men began to give it depth.

That brought us to Arthur Clarke's trick at the wheel: "Nowadays you have to know something about science to write Science Fiction—not the letter of science, but the spirit and method of science. When the history of space-travel is written, a lot of the detail will have to come from today's Science Fiction."

Science Fiction is helping us to understand the modern world.

On that note, we passed to novelist Wyndham who expressed disgust at much of the territory we have covered. "A cardboard nightmare world, this, governed by the laws of violence. In much of Science Fiction, if somebody gets in your way, you atomise him."

"I am interested in the human problems of a new world. But I'm a conservative man. I never travel to the outer edge of the galaxy. Lots of room here."

Crash Landing

Then librarian Stevenson took over—for the crash landing. "How do you judge literature?" he asked.

"You look at the plot, the characterisation, and the criticism of life. Science Fiction usually has no plot. It's mostly a disconnected series of incidents. The characters are two-dimensional, the criticism of life is childish. In the world of the future we are usually in the control of the spider-men from Jupiter or the robots from Mars. Society is most often cruder than we know it now, more hopeless than we can imagine."

"And the grammar is simply terrible."

But, bad grammar or no, Mr Stevenson buys lots of Science Fiction for his library.

"I have a big shelf marked 'Science Fiction.' But there's never anything on it. The demand is ferocious."

India? There was an almost indecent haste in the way Attlee handed it over to that self-infatuated mystic and old Harrovian, Pandit Nehru. But the Tories also knew that the march of the centuries could not be held up indefinitely.

Korea? Attlee's response to Truman's action was brave and immediate. Again there was no cleavage with the Tories.

But what of the British Commonwealth and Empire? What has happened to the days when our opponents denounced us as jingoists and as out-dated imperialists? They might call us many things today but certainly neither jingoists nor rabid imperialists.

We have shown a patience towards Egypt which makes Jordan's impetuous hot-head by comparison. We even outwaited Mossadegh in Persia, but time was on our side in his case. When the great Lord Palmerston set foot in Europe, the whole of Britain trembled. It is not quite fair, but then wit is seldom fair.

Therefore I come back to my original argument. Where there is so much agreement (tacit or actual) between the Conservatives and the Socialists, how can the House of Commons be a place of passionate debate? And if there be so wide an area of agreement, why go through the motions of disagreement?

BASICALLY and temperamentally the differences are still there. You may point to a cat and a dog snuggling amicably by a fire-side but that does not abolish their basic distrust and antagonism. Socialism cannot survive if it merely becomes pink Liberalism. Despite the amiability and indeed the responsibility of its present leaders, Socialism must take the road to the Left or the road to the Right. And on both roads there are parties with priority claims—the Communists and the Conservatives.

That is the principal reason for the present unreality of the debates at Westminster. External events are dominating internal policy, and not even the letting in of Japanese exports or the weakening of Imperial Preference can produce more than a sham fight.

There is one more contributory cause to this inertia. With all respect I refer to that immortal in our midst—Sir Winston Churchill. His retirement is openly and rather indecently discussed. One newspaper ran a public opinion poll just to show Churchill that a majority of the nation wanted him to go. At the same time there is constant discussion as to whether Eden or Butler or Macmillan should succeed him.

For all these reasons the British House of Commons is a dull place. The indicator shows that so-and-so is on his feet but the MPs in the amber room or the library do not leave their chairs. The days of passion will come again. Passion will let loose the flood of prayer and the battle will be joined once more. But in the meantime, we vote and vote and vote.

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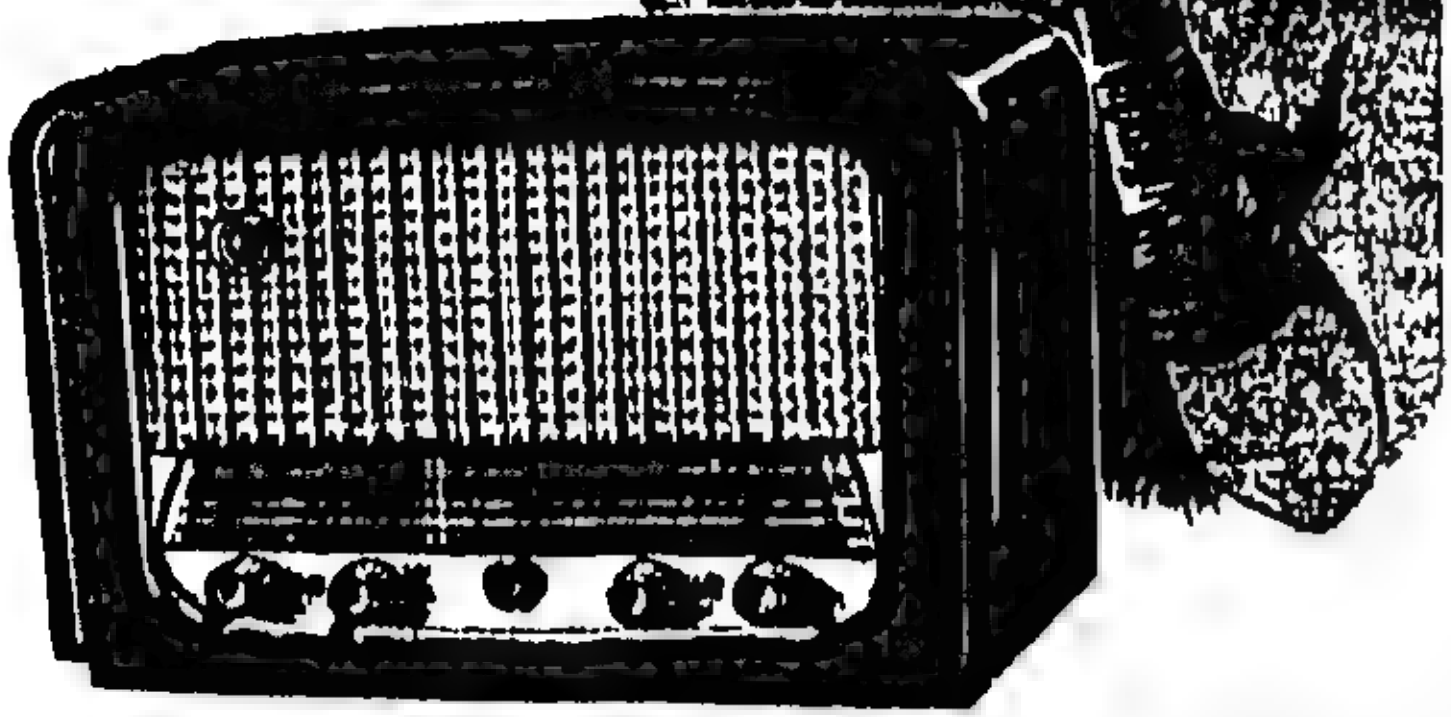
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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"Remember me to—I'm your landlord!"

What makes a traitor? asks a man who once worked with Maclean

WHAT makes a man with a wife and family, and a responsible job at the Foreign Office, suddenly abandon the lot and flee to a foreign Power?

The question was asked three years ago this June when Donald Maclean did just that, and Guy Burgess went with him.

It is asked again today in a most unusual novel, **THE SKEWING TRUTH**, written by an ex-Foreign Office man, D. J. Hall, who was first secretary at the British Embassy in Washington during the war, at the time when Maclean was also there.

The book deals with Julian, young, talented diplomat (as was Donald Maclean), who suddenly leaves his wife and goes to France.

Like Maclean he was in a position of trust; he knew secrets that could hurt his country. Well, why did he go?

"He went," says Mr. Hall, "because he was torn between three loyalties. One was to his home, the second was a patriotic loyalty to his country, and last was a loyalty to an ideal. This was the strongest of the three, and made him leave all else."

The spirit of loyalty has intrigued Mr. Hall for long.

He is a tall, greying man of 50; a solicitor who was also becoming known for his books before the war.

Search

WHEN he left the Foreign Office after the war he returned to his writing, and now lives in an old vicarage he has renovated in Aldermaston, Berkshire.

The problem of split loyalties, and the agonies they can bring to those associated with the sufferer is a new one," he told me over lunch there.

"It was my intention to show modern traitors as people who could be pleasant; they were not all villains as they used to be."

Julian disappears in June, "the rain-washed sky unclouded" — the same month that the real-life disappearance of the two diplomats was officially admitted.

When news of the fictional flight is admitted, the Foreign Office sends a friend of Julian's, one Charles, also at the Foreign Office, to find him. In real life, the police of all West Europe searched for Maclean but they did not find him.

Charles is luckier; he meets his man, but cannot persuade him to return. Julian, like (Falcon Press, 10s. 6d.).

By JAMES LEASOR

Maclean, highly strung and nervous, is determined to use his knowledge of Britain's future diplomatic moves to hurt her. He feels that by this means Britain may be turned towards his way of thinking.

Did Maclean have such an idea in his mind?

He was something of an idealist," Mr. Hall allows.

The problem

IN the book Julian and Charles argue, Julian rushes out of the hotel where they have met, is run over by a car, and dies.

But the problem does not die with him. For now Charles, who plays Burgess to his friend's Maclean, inherits his conflict of loyalties. Should he be loyal to his friend's memory — or to the department that employs him?

The reader cannot but wonder whether Maclean argued with Burgess as they drove together in their car to the coast three years ago. It is something only they could tell — and they preserve silence.

What has Mr. Hall to say about these strange similarities to life that appear in his novel?

"It is odd, I agree," he says. "I must admit I had Burgess and Maclean in my subconscious mind while I worked."

I remembered

SITTING in his house after lunch, with sunshine on the white, 16th-century panels in his library, children playing outside on the village green by a well that dates from Roman days, the idea of political intrigues and treachery and traitors seemed absurd. This world has no part with this, I thought.

But it has, it has. I remembered I was in Aldermaston. The name rang a warning bell. And then I remembered.

Half a mile away, hidden among the ancient, peaceful trees, Britain's new research station for fresh atomic weapons is abiding.



In the centre is Dr. Scholl, seen at the recent opening of his foot comfort centre in Hongkong with Mr. C. A. Grundy, in charge of the centre, and Miss F. Abesser.

PARADE

FORTUNE IN COLD STORAGE

An impoverished miner, Alex Nery, who found a giant aquamarine more than eight years ago in the wilds of Brazil, is still just as impoverished today — although the stone has been valued at more than £1,000,000.

The aquamarine, weighing 50lb., is in a safe deposit vault in a New York bank.

Legal disputes make it unlikely that the stone will return in the near future to the remote Brazilian state of Espirito Santo, where Nery lives in a mining town shack.

Nery's troubles began shortly after he found the stone. He sought the aid of a friend to help him hide it until it could be safely registered.

What the friend did with the stone is still somewhat of a mystery, but it found its way to New York. A New York syndicate reported that they had put it up for sale. In Brazil, Nery started court action to secure rights to the stone. A spokesman for the syndicate said that they would recognise only an order from a United States court.

No one can buy the aquamarine until its ownership is established. So it just waits in the vault.

CHORTLES IN THE LOCALS

Recent announcement by the Brewers' Society that Britain's average consumption of beer last year was 18 gallons a head has caused a few chortles in

the "locals," especially Southport way. Here they discuss appreciatively the drinking prowess of the "expert elbow" known to account for some 30 pints in a day. Moreover, they hark back to that day in Southport in 1939 when a well-known billiards marker accomplished the best "swallow" of recent years, whilst carrying on his work between 5.30 p.m. and 11.30 p.m. he "downed" 126 half-pints and never once marked a wrong score on the board or called out an incorrect detail.

CATCHING THE SNOWMAN

Dr. B. Blawas, of the Zoological Survey of India, and the only Indian member of the current British expedition to the Himalayas to track down the fabulous "Abominable Snowman," reveals that the expedition's equipment includes nets, lassoes, trip ropes, running nooses — and the South American three-arm throwing sling.

The aim is to trap the snowman, although the use of steel traps (or any other trap which may cause pain to the Snowman) will be avoided.

Dr. Blawas has also equipped himself with a great number of modern gadgets which may be needed once the Snowman is caught. If it lives in a cave, a new type of gas shell will be used — to put the creature painlessly but temporarily to sleep. The Snowman, says Dr. Blawas, will be caught and studied. It will not, under any circumstances, be killed.

MARCHED WITH LORD ROBERTS

Donald Maclean, of Highfield, Muir of Ord, Scotland, the oldest Seaforth Highlander in the world, is a hundred and one years old. He enlisted in Glasgow in 1877 in the 85th Brigade and was afterwards posted to the 78th Highlanders, taking part in Lord Roberts' famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. His Army service ended in 1899, but in the First World War he volunteered and served with the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth. Later he was employed at a Muir of Ord distillery. He lives with his 74-year-old wife in a two-roomed cottage, and apart from deafness enjoys comparatively good health.

PHOTOS WANTED

New York's Museum of Modern Art is planning a major photographic exhibition in January next year and asks camera fans from all over the world for contributions.

The subject of the exhibition will be "The Family of Man," and Mr. Edward Steichen, Director of the Museum's department of photography, explains: "The object of the exhibition is to portray the universal elements and emotions and one-ness of human beings throughout the world. The exhibition will require photographs made in all parts of the world of the gamut of life from birth to death, with emphasis on the everyday relationship of man to himself, his family, to the community and to the world we live in."

Subject matter, in fact, can range from babies of philosophers, from kindergarten to college, from toys to atom bombs.

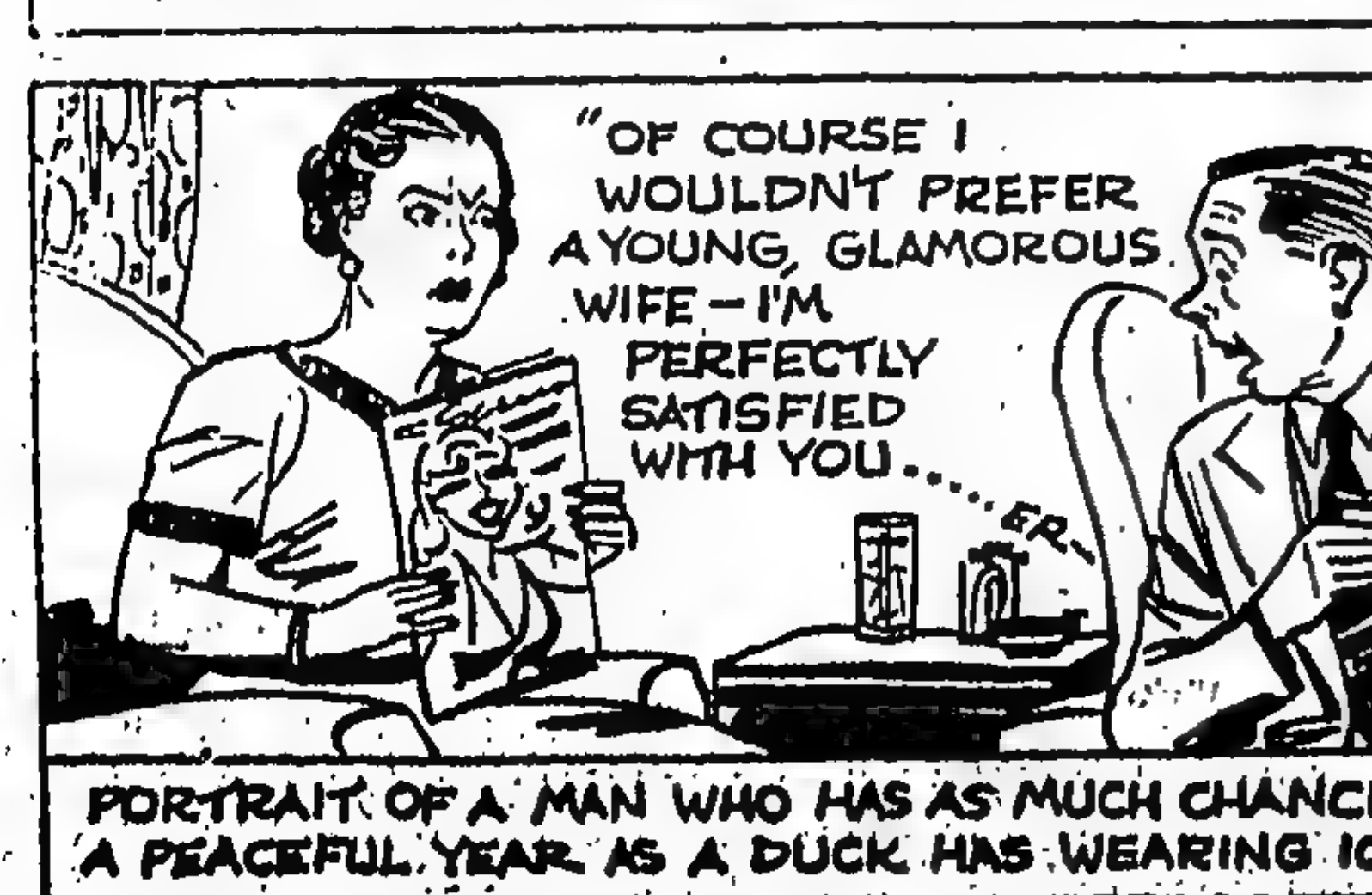
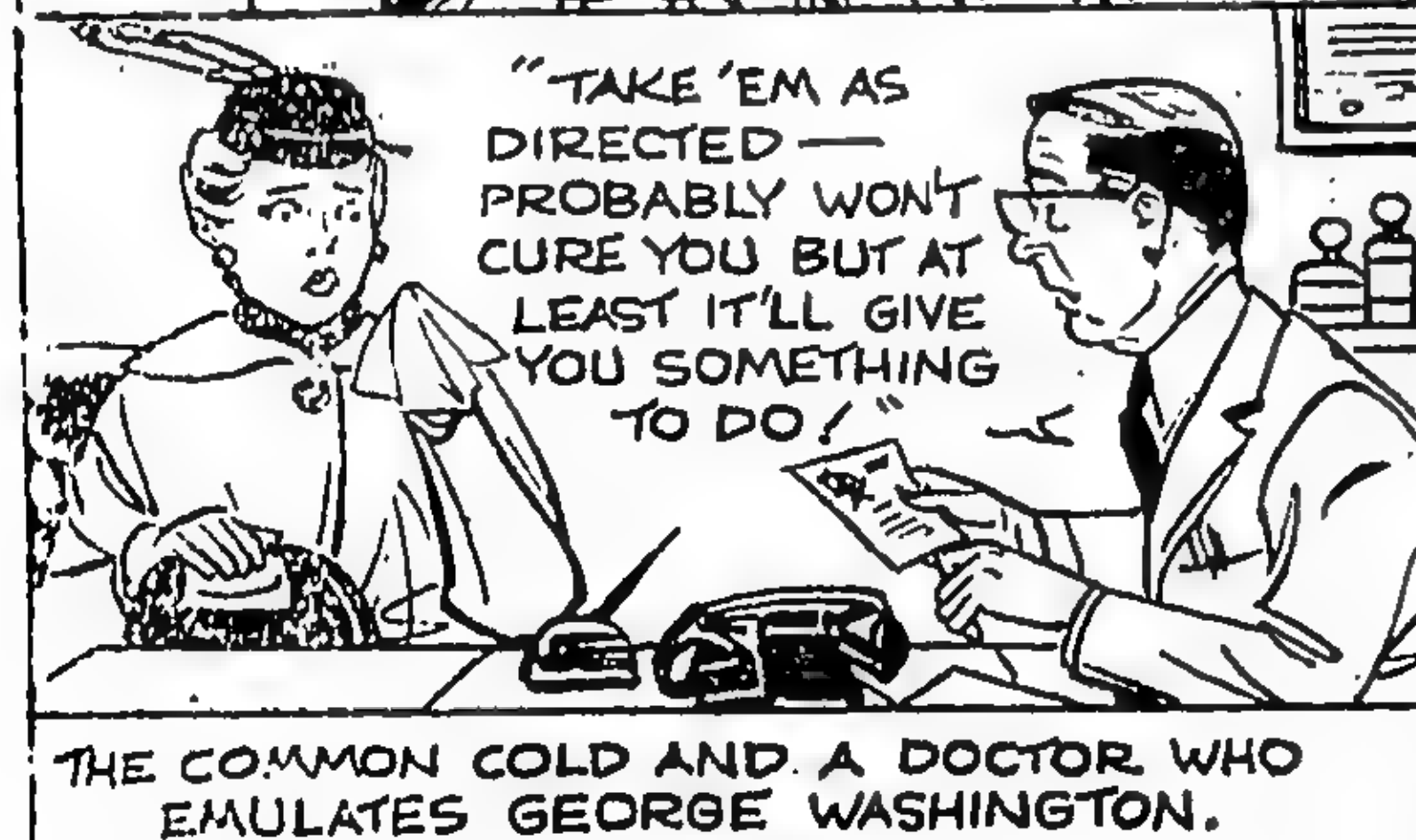
MADDENED

Restaurateur Pierre Vians of Nantes, France, was up in arms because the 100 planes landing and taking off at Geneva airport — just across the border — were driving his customers nuts. So he wrote to the airport warning that he would set up barrage balloons above his place unless the noise abated. He was told: "80 for the airport, 20 for the town."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

If The Truth Were Told

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Dr. Sydney Northcote To Broadcast Over Radio Hongkong

The principal adjudicator for the 6th Annual Hongkong Schools Music Festival, Dr Sydney Northcote, D. Mus. (Oxon), arrives in Hongkong on Wednesday, and on Thursday at 9.15 p.m. he will give the first of two lecture-recitals from the Studio.

In this first broadcast, called "Musical Reminiscences", Dr Northcote, who sings and accompanies himself at the piano, gives a racy account of some of his own experiences.

Dr Sydney Northcote, who is a Welshman, was educated at St Lewis's School, Pengam, the Royal College of Music, London, and New College, Oxford. He has had an extensive and distinguished career in the world of music. Since 1940 Dr Northcote has devoted himself mainly to the development and organization of amateur music-making throughout the British Isles.

"Fighter Pilot", which can be heard on Tuesday evening at 9.30, is the true story of Pierre Clostermann, one of the gallant band of free Frenchmen who fought with the RAF during the war.

The programme, an adaptation of Pierre Clostermann's book "The Big Show", is dramatised and produced for the BBC by Alan Burgess. The story has been described as an almost unparaphrasable account of a fighter pilot's war, and Clostermann's descriptions of the vicious battles between the RAF and the Luftwaffe are intensely gripping.

Stefan Zweig's poignant little story, "Die Unschuldigen Sammler", may be heard beautifully dramatised by Jon Marchant White and called "The Private View". It is on the air at 9.40 p.m. this evening. It is the story of an old German art lover whose greatest joy was his laboriously acquired collection of old prints.

LIGHT MUSIC

On the lighter side of music, Radio Hongkong has pleasure in presenting a programme on Thursday evening at 7.15 p.m. called "Cole at the Keyboard". Geoff Cole, who is serving in the Royal Navy, is a newcomer to Radio Hongkong listeners, although he is already well known to Naval audiences.

More light music with a sophisticated flavour can be heard on Tuesday at 7.15 when Elton Hayes introduces the BBC "Interlude for Music" series. These programmes of light music are played, sung and introduced by the artists themselves, and the Elton Hayes are followed by the pianist, Kay Cavendish.

SPORT

On Wednesday the 1st Battalion Fiftieth Easton v. Army will play the County at Rugby. Part of the match will be described from the Club ground by Vernon Roberts, and this recorded commentary will be relayed over Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening at 7.45.

For soccer fans—the Association Football match, Eastern v. Army, with a commentary by Eric Young, will be relayed from the Club ground this afternoon at 5.15.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 845 kilocycles, per second, and on 924 megacycles per second in the 31 metre band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.30 SONNET FROM THE SHOWS.
With Arthur Atkey, Eve Becke, Helen Clark, Jack Cooper, Billy Tennant and his orchestra.

Presented by John Watt.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
Joe Hupp conducts the Valencia Symphony Orchestra. FORCES' PROGRAMME.
2.00 PALACE OF VARIETIES—AN OLD TIME MUSIC-HALL.
Produced and conducted by Ernest Longstaffe.

2.30 JAZZ CONCERT—FEATURING BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHE.
Presented by Rosemary Richards.
4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE.
Presented by Peter Toyn.

4.30 TIE UP TO PAY.
A Thriller by Edward J. Mason.
5.00 W. A. T. Z. K. S. OF JOSEF BRILAS.
5.15 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.
Eastern v. Army.

Commentary by Eric Young from the Club Ground.
5.45 CHRY HAYES AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.45 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS.
Presented by Linda Roberts.

Calling 26 Field Dressing Station, R.A.M.C.
6.55 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 TIME SIGNAL AND WORLD NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.10 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.15 ACCENT ON RHYTHM (LONDON RELAY).
7.30 FORCES' FAVORITES (LONDON RELAY).
8.00 EVENING STARS: CHARLIE HARRIS.
Horatio Nichols Wallis Selection. Stephen Foster Selection. Ivor Novello Selection.
8.15 STUDIO: SATURDAY STORY.
"Columbia Bridge" by Rosemary Richards.

MOMENTS WITH MANTOVANI & HIS ORCH.
Mexican Baritone, Heide Kati. Love, it's some Tango Bolero—orch. Mantovani (orch.).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.
The London Baroque Ensemble. Conducted by Karl Haas. La Botzelle Fantasia (Handel). Replight. London Philharmonic Orch. conducted by Eugene Goossens. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
Presented by Theresa.
3.00 WITH DEREK ROY FROM H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD.
3.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.30 THE HEART OF THE MATTER.
J. K. O. P. O. D. S. K. O. W. S. K. I. & HIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Each of the four parts of the "Symphony" (Chopin). Value Lente and Presto (Chopin). "The Swan" (Debussy). "The Swan Lake" (Chopin). "The Swan Lake" (Chopin).
3.50 JAZZ CLUB.
4.00 WITH HUMPHREY LYNDEN AND HIS BAND.
4.15 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE JONATHAN MYSTERY.
4.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
4.45 THE HEART OF THE MATTER.
J. K. O. P. O. D. S. K. O. W. S. K. I. & HIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
4.50 JAZZ CLUB.
5.00 WITH HUMPHREY LYNDEN AND HIS BAND.
5.15 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE JONATHAN MYSTERY.
5.30 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
5.45 THE HEART OF THE MATTER.
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12.50 JAZZ CLUB.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP OF THE MORN. NEWS.
7.30 TIME SIGNAL AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 CLOSE DOWN.
8.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.25 WEATHER REPORT.
8.30 CLOSE DOWN.
8.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.55 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
9.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.25 WEATHER REPORT.
9.30 CLOSE DOWN.
9.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 CLOSE DOWN.
10.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.25 WEATHER REPORT.
10.30 CLOSE DOWN.
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11.00 CLOSE DOWN.
11.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.25 WEATHER REPORT.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.
11.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.55 WEATHER REPORT.
12.00 CLOSE DOWN.

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1.30 CLOSE DOWN.
1.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.55 WEATHER REPORT.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
2.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.25 WEATHER REPORT.
2.30 CLOSE DOWN.
2.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.55 WEATHER REPORT.
3.00 CLOSE DOWN.
3.15 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.25 WEATHER REPORT.
3.30 CLOSE DOWN.
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3.55 WEATHER REPORT.
4.00 CLOSE DOWN.
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6.45 NEWS TALK (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
6.55 WEATHER REPORT.
7.00 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 10.15 p.m. on 15.260 Mc/s, 19.66m and 6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, MARCH 6

6.30 p.m. Ted Ray. 1.00 NEWS TALK. 1.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP. 1.30 FORCE FAVORITES. 1.45 TOP TUNES. 1.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 2.00 THE NEWS. 2.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 2.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 2.45 NEWS TALK. 2.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 3.00 THE NEWS. 3.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 3.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 3.45 NEWS TALK. 3.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 4.00 THE NEWS. 4.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 4.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 4.45 NEWS TALK. 4.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 5.00 THE NEWS. 5.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 5.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 5.45 NEWS TALK. 5.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 6.00 THE NEWS. 6.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 6.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 6.45 NEWS TALK. 6.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 7.00 THE NEWS. 7.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 7.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 7.45 NEWS TALK. 7.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 8.00 THE NEWS. 8.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 8.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 8.45 NEWS TALK. 8.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 9.00 THE NEWS. 9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN. 9.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE. 9.45 NEWS TALK. 9.55 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE. 10.00 THE NEWS. 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THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

ARMY PLAY THE REST TODAY

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon's main rugby games take place at Sookunpoo with the greatest interest lying in the second game at 4.15 p.m. when the Army, as Pentangular Tournament winners, take on the Rest of the Colony.

Previous to this there will be a game between the Rest of the Colonians and the Rest of the Services at 3.00 p.m. Club "B" are playing this afternoon against RAF Little Swan on the Valley ground at 3.30 p.m.

The game at 4.15 p.m. should provide a really good struggle as the Rest of the Colony side looks a very strong team. Eden who, although he has only played for the RAF a couple of times, has already shown his capabilities, has been chosen as full back for the side.

Robertson, a new three deserves his position on his play of late and the other three are all regular stalwarts of their various teams.

Craig and Milden as halves should combine well, provided they get enough of the ball. The forwards also look good, and the pack as a whole has plenty of weight, but the Army would seem to have a slight edge on the Colony side.

It is certain that the Colony XV does not have a forward the equal of Eden, and Farthing has been playing very well of late in the lineouts.

The halves and backs are unchanged, and can be relied upon to become very dangerous indeed if given a chance. This should result in a very even game, but the Army will have the advantage of having played regularly together, and with their slightly better pack should give their three plenty of chances and that should be the pivot of the game.

EVEN HARDER
The result of the game at 3.00 p.m. is even harder to forecast, but once again I am inclined to favour the Service side, because the Civilian three look a little shaky on one wing.

Hoss at outside half is one of those players who is either brilliant or very poor, and if this is one of his off days, then the weakness in the three behind will be clearly shown up. The Civilian pack, on the other hand, appears very much stronger than their opponents, and should get a plentiful share of the ball, but whether their three can do the necessary is a rather doubtful quantity.

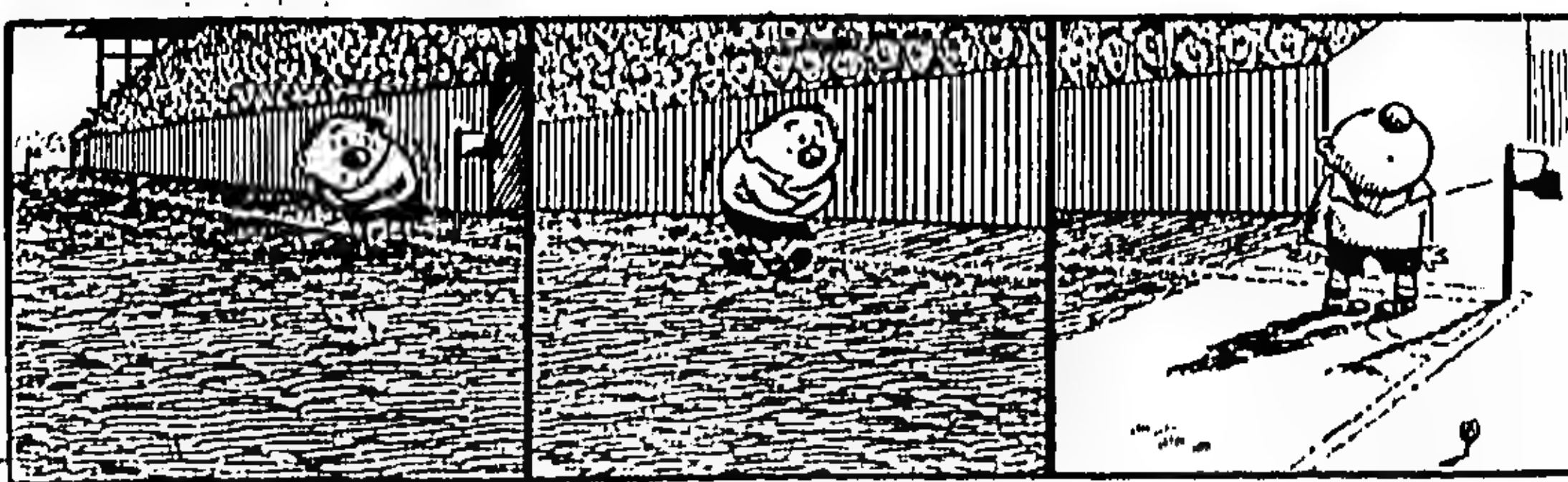
The Service three are fast and should be able to score if given the opportunity. They are bound to get one sooner or later. The Civilian back line does not look strong enough to stop them before they cross the line.

On the whole this should be a good game and the Services win, I think, only by a slight margin.

The "B" game should be quite interesting as there are one or two new faces in the team this week, and Little Swan have

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Two Good Senior "A" Softball League Tussles Tomorrow

By "SNOOPER"

The two Senior "A" tussles between the Braves and the Chinese Athletic Association and the Saints and the Pandas should provide the best softball games at King's Park on Sunday.

The Braves, who benefited from their outing against the Warriors last Sunday, winning by 5-3 to stay in the Pennant race, are favoured to beat the Chinese ballplayers for a second time, and this victory must primarily come from the battery of pitcher Jack Brown and catcher Manuel Guterres.

Against South China last week-end, the Saints advertised their good batting form and they will be given the opportunity of pushing the Pandas out of the League Championship in this return clash. In the first round meeting, the Pandas were in an unbeatable form to win by a narrow 2-1 margin.

On Wednesday, March 10, they will play a Colony XV on the Club Ground, and should again win, but it will be easier to assess the Colony's chances after the match on Monday.

The following week the Australian RAF team arrives and they will play first of all the Welsh on March 17, then the RAF on March 19 and finally the Club on March 24.

THE TEAMS

Rest of Civilian (in White)
Brearley, Ingles, Brown, Cole, Morrison, Ross, Lohit, Lam, V. Russell, Barker, Apple, Shelley, E. Russell, Farquhar, Kellert.

Rest of Services: From Hunt, Parker, Dwyer, Bateman, Rigg, Taylor, Parkinson, Parsley, Moorhouse, Eastwood, Harris, Gibson, Bowring, Dalton, Davis, James.

Rest of Colony: Eden, T. Roberts, Davis, Smith, McNeven, Craig, Milden, Perry, Owen, Harroves, Prescott, Griffiths, Davidson, Brightwell, Bryan.

Army: Collins, Michie, Daintonfield, Kiribson, Bowen, Brentford, Argyle, Bell, Eve, Truce, Farthing, Ferry, Davey, Whitehead, Hill.

P. C. Wong and catcher Lam, Leung-ping.

But there can be no doubt that both teams will have to fight tremendously hard to win this all-important game. For the Braves it will be a do-or-die battle; the Tribe will only repeat winning performance and automatically bow out of the League should the Chinese ballplayers topple them in this return encounter.

WORTHY WINNERS
Jackie Wei's Pandas were worthy winners over Jindoo Hussain's Saints the last time the two teams met. But the Pandas will be fielding a ball team minus catcher Raymond Tsao who is out of town.

In an effort to put more punch into the outfield department, Wally Mu, regular third baseman, will be posted at centre field while regular centre fielder S. S. Hsu will endeavour to give pitcher Jackie Wei ample support behind the plate.

Johnny Wei, who will be making his debut for the Pandas at this very late stage of the season, will be assigned to third.

Whether this move will be a success remains to be seen but Johnny Wei has revealed himself as a potential star in the third position.

The Saints had several excellent victories early in the season and I am inclined to believe they are out to make amends for their first round defeat by the Pandas.

Old reliables in the Saints' outfit are second baseman Arturo Orosio, third baseman Benny Omar, shortstop Dave Leonard and left fielder Memo Xavier. Though his forceful deliveries have shaken most opposition, pitcher Vic Pedruec is not always comfortable when facing the Pandas' batters who revel in his kind of pitching.

It will be remembered that in the first round clash, the Pandas' batters scored quite a number of direct hits, and unless Vic Pedruec puts more punch into his efforts, it will be most difficult for the Saints to push the Pandas out of the Pennant race.

Two factors lend an unusual interest to this return meeting. One is the determined Pandas' bid to beat the Saints for a second time and enhance their prospects for the Pennant, and the other is the attempt of the Saints to avenge their previous defeat and make certain that their great chance of regaining the Pennant this season is not thrown overboard.

NEW TASK

Manager Bill Silva will be faced with a new task, to do a magnificent job when he built up the Delawareans into a fighting team in the early stages of the League with four straight victories, but the Delawareans hit a slump in the later stages of the League, going down three times in a row to trail Jimmy Merrick's Pandas by a game.

Manager Silva will be highly satisfied should the Delawareans come through in their crucial game against Jack Carvalho's

Wildfires tomorrow to qualify for the Senior "B" Final Play-off series.

The Delawareans have fallen quite a long way short of the brilliance they displayed at the start of the League but the boys are playing just as wholeheartedly and enthusiastically as ever they did, but unless their handling is as good as the Wildfires' best, their chances of figuring in the Play-off series are not too bright.

In the other Senior "B" game, Bob Suzman's Americans should start strong favourites to wallop a winless University squad to accompany Herrick's Pandas into the Play-off series.

There is a strong possibility of a triple tie among the Pandas, Delawareans and the Americans, and I predict a final American victory.

OLD RIVALS MEET

The Senior Ladies' Play-off second round game will bring old rivals to the scene—Terry Noronha's champion Wahooks and Dolly Norman's bright-shirtd Colceens—in a return grudge battle.

Although the Wahooks were unlucky to drop a decision in the first round game as pitcher Terry Noronha sustained a fractured finger, it must be said that the Colceens have made considerable improvement in their game through consistent practice at King's Park.

This was illustrated in their last outing against Pearl Chan's Pandas whom they whipped in no uncertain manner. The Colceens' prominent batters—Bunny Remedios, Alda Oliveira, Sheila Bernal-Silva, Diane Pires and Sally Sun—will try to go all out to hit pitcher Terry Noronha in this key match. A win for the Colceens will assure them of the Pennant this season.

HOW THEY STAND

| Senior "A" | P | W | L | Avg |
|------------|----|---|----|------|
| Saints | 10 | 8 | 2 | .800 |
| CAA | 10 | 8 | 2 | .800 |
| Pandas | 10 | 7 | 3 | .700 |
| Braves | 10 | 6 | 4 | .600 |
| US Navy | 12 | 5 | 7 | .417 |
| Warriors | 12 | 4 | 8 | .333 |
| SCAA | 10 | 3 | 7 | .300 |
| Rexes | 11 | 1 | 10 | .091 |

| Senior "B" | P | W | L | Avg |
|-------------|----|---|---|------|
| Pandas | 10 | 7 | 3 | .700 |
| Delawareans | 9 | 6 | 3 | .667 |
| Americans | 9 | 6 | 3 | .667 |
| Wildfires | 9 | 5 | 4 | .556 |
| PI Dodgers | 10 | 4 | 6 | .400 |
| HKU | 9 | 0 | 9 | .000 |

| Junior League | P | W | L | Avg |
|---------------|----|----|----|------|
| CAA (1) | 13 | 12 | 1 | .923 |
| Pandas | 13 | 11 | 2 | .846 |
| PI Dodgers | 13 | 9 | 4 | .692 |
| Maumaus | 13 | 7 | 6 | .538 |
| Comets | 12 | 5 | 7 | .416 |
| CAA (2) | 13 | 4 | 9 | .307 |
| 25 Gunners | 12 | 3 | 9 | .250 |
| Kookies | 11 | 2 | 9 | .181 |
| Cubs | 13 | 2 | 11 | .154 |

| Ladies' Play-off Series | P | W | L | Avg |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|-------|
| Colceens | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Wahooks "A" | 1 | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Pandas | 1 | 0 | 1 | .000 |

| Junior | P | W | L | Avg |
|-------------|---|---|---|-------|
| South China | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1.000 |
| Wahooks "B" | 2 | 1 | 1 | .500 |
| CAA | 1 | 0 | 1 | .000 |

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE SORT OF TALE THAT ONE LONGS TO BE ABLE TO TELL MORE OFTEN...

By I. M. MacTAVISH

This week I want to tell you a story. It is the sort of tale that one longs to be able to tell more often but, in these days of highly competitive soccer, the chance far too seldom arises. To my mind this one ranks among the finest it has ever been my pleasure to tell and I know that it will bring a breath of genuine freshness to those who really have the good of the game at heart and who — among all the slog and smog — believe that however desperate the competition may become there is still a place for honesty and commonsense in the reckoning of victory or defeat.

Last Sunday in one of the finest games played in the Colony this season the Army scored a dramatic and somewhat unexpected victory over the powerful KMB side. The match, which had been fought out at a tremendous pace in a tense atmosphere, finished with a pleasant interchange of congratulations among the players on the field.

In far too many games that would have been the end of the whole affair. Two points had been won or lost according to which side you were on... but this story has the sort of ending that makes many of the now popular petty prognostications seem cheap and unworthy.

When the Secretary of the Army team arrived at his office on the Tuesday following the game he found a letter awaiting him. I wish I could print the context in blazing type for here is what it said...

Dear Sir,
May I offer you and each and every player of the Army team my very heartfelt congratulations for your magnificent victory over our players yesterday? Your boys played splendidly and deserved victory.

We have no "kick" against the result; the better and fitter team won on the day's play.

Yours very sincerely,

Walter Hamming Chen,
(Secy. K.M.B. Co. Ltd.)

Greatness in victory is always easy but greatness, like this, in defeat, is the sort of thing that lifts the game away above the lesser lights who so often threaten its good name.

What was already a great game has now become greater still through the generous sporting action of the writer of a letter which I am told is highly prized by the Army players and officials alike.

EXCELLENT NEWS

The recent announcement that the Hongkong Football Association had decided to engage a professional coach is another excellent piece of news. There is an urgent need for such a soccer specialist in the Colony and, provided the pupils are put in the right frame of mind, he can make a most significant contribution to the long term improvement of our game.

Whatever the terms of his engagement may be, Mr. Sneddon will not be faced with an easy task and local fans should not expect to see immediate or magical changes in the standard of local football.

The real job of a coach is to assist a youngster to develop the basic skills of the game. To assist him to see the theory of the game according to a constructive plan, and then to encourage him to combine the skills and knowledge in actual play.

Now all this is difficult enough when the coach is free of language difficulties and when he is working in a community where his pupils have already made some natural progress along the lines which he himself will follow.

The Chinese football stars in Hongkong are brilliant close

ball workers and their style of play is fundamentally different from the traditional British style... BUT THEY ARE... AND RIGHTLY TOO... THE HEROES OF THE CHINESE SCHOOL BOYS WHO WILL NO DOUBT FORM A LARGE PART OF THE CLASSES WHICH THE COACH WILL HAVE TO HANDLE...

They will naturally be critical of any ideas that do not coincide with their natural inclination of soccer ideals and it is therefore imperative that the coach be given the right kind of co-operation on every side so that his work may be beneficial to the widest possible cross-section of the Colony's young players.

There is one point which should be made clear in order that Mr. Sneddon should not be misunderstood. There is a big difference between a club coach, like Dal Astley of Djurgarden for example, and an Association coach like Mr. Sneddon.

A coach in the first category 'drills' his team to play to a definite plan and his teaching and coaching of youngsters is designed to make them fit into that plan in due course.

An Association coach like Mr. Sneddon will be free from club plans and tactics, and his work will be aimed at the general soccer education of the young players... the question of fitting them into a particular team plan will come if and when they sign for one of the local teams and then it will be the responsibility of the team officials to fit them into their own plan.

Thousands of young players in this Colony can benefit from the work of a good coach. Mr. Sneddon with his wide experience can make a significant contribution to the eventual betterment of our football... let us make sure he gets the right sort of chance... and his pupils the right sort of encouragement.

WEEK-END GAMES

After last week's glut of glittering attractions the football bill of fare for this week-end is rather ordinary. However there is a possibility that some of the games will turn out to be excellent entertainment and, as all the top teams are engaged, there will be no lack of interest. Here is the full programme:—

Today
Kitchee v. Navy at Caroline Hill, 4.30 p.m.

Club v. Police at Navy ground, 4.30 p.m.

Eastern v. Army at Club Stadium, 4.30 p.m.

Tomorrow
St Joseph's v. South China at Club Stadium, 4.30 p.m.

KMB v. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill, 4.30 p.m.

Sing Tao v. RAF at Navy ground, 4.30 p.m.

Tuesday
CAA v. Kitchee at Club Stadium, 4.45 p.m.

KMB v. Eastern at Caroline Hill, 4.45 p.m.

Wednesday
South China v. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill, 4.45 p.m.

Thursday
Kwong Wah v. Police at Club Stadium, 4.45 p.m.

WILL MAKE THEM FIGHT

Kitchee will be popular favourites to defeat Navy this afternoon and provided they have got over their tough tussle with the Army they should come out on top, but the sailors will make them fight.

The attractive Army side will probably entice a reasonable crowd to the Club Stadium where they should account for Eastern. The best game of the afternoon may well be the meeting of Club and Police which will take place in the comparative isolation of the Navy Ground. This should be an all action affair and, provided Falconer can keep a tight grip on Moss, I think the Club will come out on top.

South China and KMB will be expected to win their games against St. Joseph's and Kwong Wah respectively, but as the Saints and Kwong Wah have both achieved surprise results in recent weeks, neither, I suppose, can afford to take their opponents lightly.

Once again the best match of the afternoon may be taking place at the Navy ground and Sing Tao will not be able to take anything for granted against the RAF who are capable of giving the best of them a tough fight for the points.

The Tigers slipped up badly against Kwong Wah and they must win to keep among the top teams. Look like close game with the honours probably going to Sing Tao.

Next Wednesday's meeting of South China and Sing Tao brings back memories of the none too pleasant last tussle between them. It was a game that was marred by unsavoury incidents and rough play, and it is to be hoped that there will be no repetition of this in this important return match.

THIS WEEK'S TALKING POINT: I hear that there has been some dissatisfaction among players about the standard of balls produced for recent games. I understand also that in a first division game the referee rejected the 'match ball' produced by the game team. The ball is the most important 'tool' in the game and a second class ball can often ruin a first class game.

Every aspect of the Colony is now being prepared by...

POP

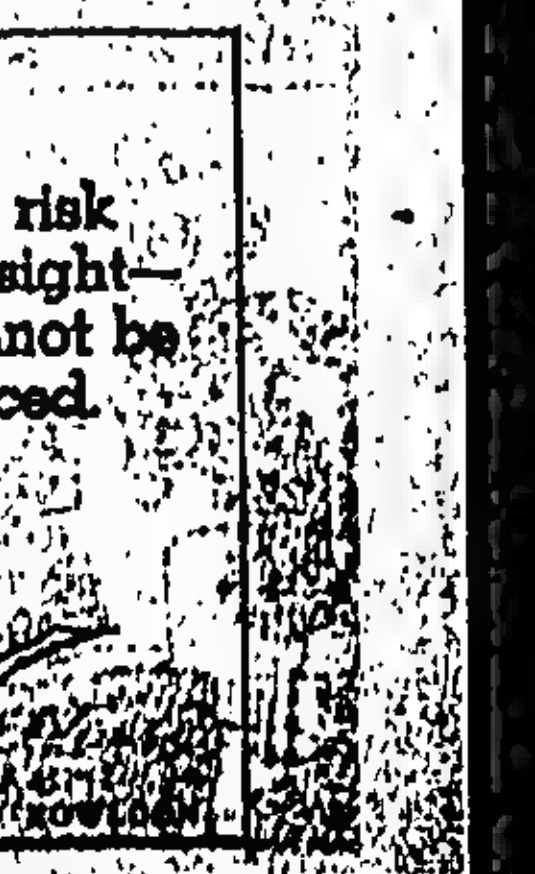
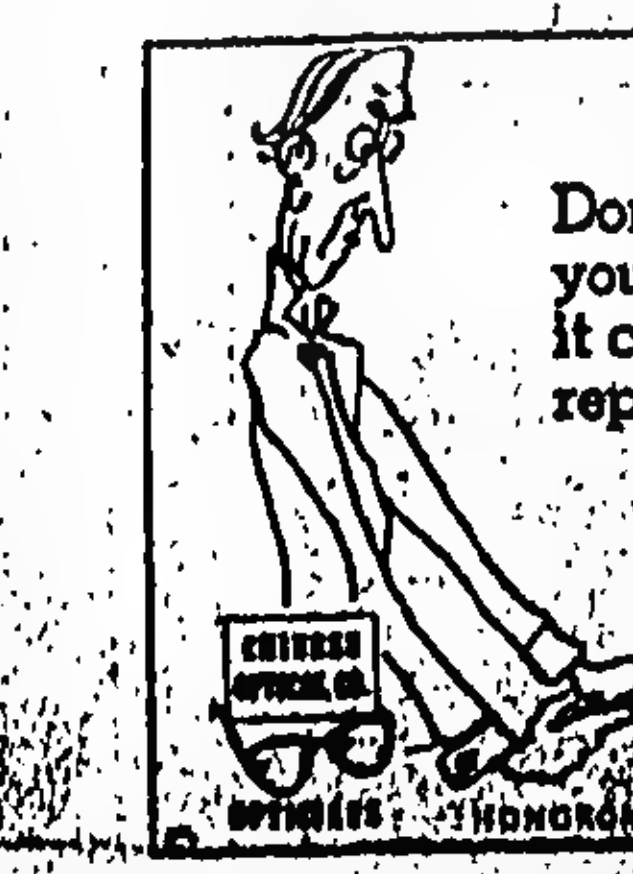
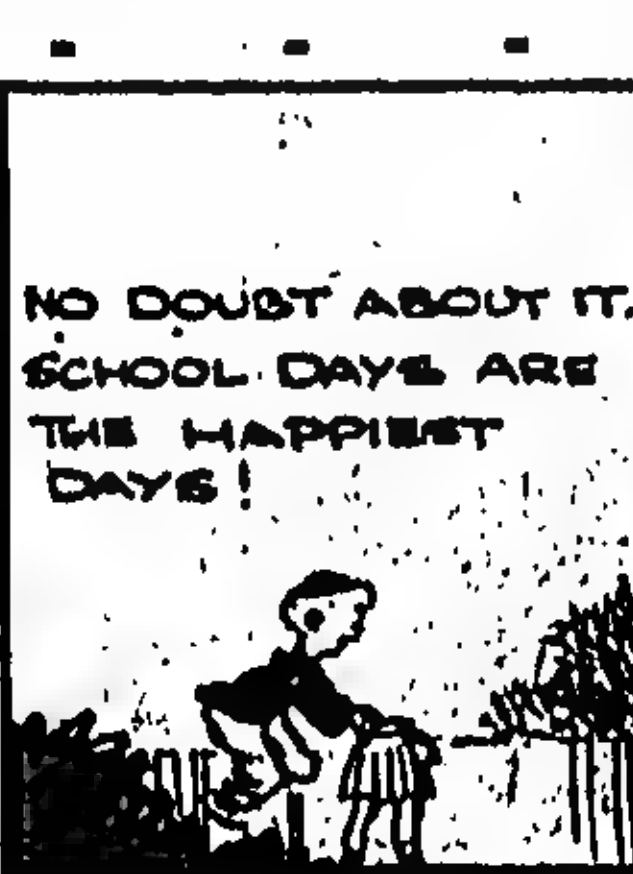
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. SCHOOL DAYS ARE THE HAPPIEST DAYS!

YES! THANK GOODNESS TERM TIME WILL SOON BE HERE!

Class distinction

Don't risk your sight—it cannot be replaced.

PAGES 8 1/2 x 11 1/2"



THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S ACE GOALKEEPER

THE GAME IN THE GOALMOUTH

By GIL MERRICK

During the course of my career there have been many men who have left an impression on me and I am thinking particularly of forwards, since they are the goalkeeper's chief problem.

And among them, of course, centre forwards are the main danger men. It was a centre forward, Newcastle's Jackie Milburn, who scored what I rate as the best goal ever against me.

It was on a skating rink surface at St. James's Park. Milburn got the ball on the half-way line, turned with it and sprinted for goal. How he moved at such speed in the conditions I don't know.

He was on the edge of the penalty box when I saw him. Full out he shot and cracked the ball into the back of the net.

He was moving so fast that after the shot he couldn't pull up on the surface, and almost finished in the crowd. I never saw anything like it.

One of Milburn's secrets is his speed on a through ball that reduces the time a goalkeeper has to get to the ball in a straight race.

And also impressive is the way in which he keeps his head when the goalkeeper is almost on him and plays the ball with superb control past him.

A centre forward who gets amazing power into his shots is Bolton's Nat Lofthouse.

When a Lofthouse shot from 25 yards comes on to the goalkeeper it is still going with the speed of an average player's drive from 15 yards out.

But it is not only the power that Lofthouse gets into his shots that makes him outstanding—it is the unexpectedness of his shooting that makes him so dangerous.

In fact his sudden shooting ability is remarkable, for he can take a ball with either foot on the half-volley or volley and on the turn.

Curiously enough, though, the hardest shots I have ever experienced have not come from centre forwards, but from a winger and a wing half.

KNOCKED OVER
I have only once been knocked over by a shot in my life, and the man who did that was Arsenal's Don Roper, who knocked me backwards off my feet with a simply terrific shot and from 18 yards out, too.

And the only man to ever wind me with a shot was a former club-mate, Neil Douglas, now with Plymouth Argyle, who almost sickened me with a 20-yard snorter.

A menace to a goalkeeper's reputation is the Welsh international firebrand, Trevor Ford.

He is always chasing the goalkeeper and never gives him a moment's rest. And perhaps more than any other centre forward playing he tries to make a goalkeeper lose his concentration.

Once he has succeeded in doing that there must be goals about for Ford and his side.

He can hit a ball extremely hard and to dive at his feet is a desperate business. He is most dangerous as he comes in when the goalkeeper is at full stretch, grasping a high ball.

But there is another Welsh leader more effective than Ford and that is the enormous John Charles of Leeds United, whom I rate the most dangerous centre forward I have faced.

Charles has the ability to make a header from outside the six-yard line that forces the

goalkeeper to produce a really outstanding save to stop the ball going in. And quite obviously a goalkeeper cannot be expected to do that all the time.

GOLDEN RULE

The reason I stress the six-yard line is this. One of the golden rules of goalkeeping is that anything crossing the six-yard line or in the goal area in the air is the goalkeeper's ball.

One gets headers, of course, from outside the six-yard box, but it is generally considered that these can be saved without undue effort providing the goalkeeper's positioning is right.

But with John Charles in the middle, his command in the air is so great and the power of his headers is such that he is a potential goal-scorer up to at least nine yards.

And, what is more, he has everything that is demanded of a good centre forward—ball control, speed, strength (though difficult he is to knock off a ball), and a terrific shot.

The way in which he plays the game does him great credit. He appreciates that an opponent, like himself, gets a living from the game and wants to play every week.

IT SPELLS DANGER

The greatest British inside forward I have ever played against is Jimmy Hogan, of Sheffield United.

The two best foreign inside men are Kubala, Hungarian born but now a naturalised Spaniard, and Perez, of Uruguay.

Whenever Hogan gets the ball, no matter where he is, it spells danger. He has brought accurate passing down to a fine art, he rarely wastes a ball and is brilliant at putting a ball through for a colleague.

He is not a great scorer of goals himself, but round about the box and inside it, where a shot might be saved, it seems he would rather wait and by his own work make an easy goal for someone else.

It is his unorthodox switching of the attack that can take a goalkeeper by surprise.

As good a ball player as any of his competitors and the greatest master of trick shots in the game is Sunderland's tangleballer Len Shackleton.

The majority of footballers like to practise trick shots during training spells to vary the routine and sometimes in mid-week practice games, but I have never come across another player with Shackleton's confidence and audacity to try these tricks in actual League matches.

I shall never forget the first time I ever played against him, because he beat me with a swerved shot that moved away at least two yards from me late in its flight.

He is, too, a post-master at the dip shot, in which, as its description implies, the ball dips towards the ground from its original line when it is almost on to the goalkeeper and when in fact he is all set to gather the ball.

ON THE VOLLEY

In bringing off this shot Shackleton hits the ball sharply on the volley with his knee well over the ball.

I know a lot of players who can execute both the swerve and the dip shot—pre-match training spells with the England team have provided me with a good deal of experience of this.

But Len Shackleton is the only player I know who takes a chance of trying either shot in a match. That in itself shows the confidence of the man, for in actual fact he lays himself wide open to error in attempting these things.

Perhaps the most dangerous inside man I have faced as a goal scorer is Arthur Rowley, of Leicester City.

One generally finds inside men are inclined to be away from the goal lying on passes for their leader or a cutting in winger.

But Rowley has a knack of always being up in the danger area where chances are going and he makes that style of play worth while because of his accurate shooting ability from all angles.

In considering some of the best wingers I have met I am thinking of outside forwards in terms of their danger to a goalkeeper chiefly with their shots and crosses.

Stan Matthews, of course, is the peer of them all—for his crosses. He is most dangerous of all when he beats the full-back and darts to the by-line, thereby drawing the goalkeeper to the near post.

Then he pulls the ball back so far from the goalkeeper that he

has no chance of getting to it. And even worse, these crosses or pull backs are low and rarely above knee height.

He obviously doesn't pull the ball in the air unless he can possibly help it because in doing so he increases the goalkeeper's chance of cutting out the cross.

These low pull-back passes of Matthews which move away from the goalkeeper are hit with more pace than one would think possible, remembering his turning position at the by-time and they flash straight to a waiting player, giving the goalkeeper little or no time to get to a new position.

The Preston winger, Tom Finney, works on very similar lines to Matthews, concentrating on trying to work an opening to lay on that dangerous pull back pass.

But Finney also has an added asset which makes him as dangerous as Matthews and perhaps even more so when he is moving fairly close in to goal.

Depending on the angle at which he is coming in, Finney rather than take it a stage further and try to beat a defender to the by-line, will suddenly attempt to beat the goalkeeper with a shot in the far corner. And his goals tally bears witness to his success.

NEXT WEEK: HOW TWO FAMOUS PLAYERS SET A NEW FASHION IN CORNER KICKS.
—London Express Service.

Derby Favourite Is A True Stayer

Rowston Manor has been installed eight-to-one favourite for this year's Derby, displacing Alphenhorn, Infatuation and Royal Challenger, which had in turn held first place in the winter betting market on Britain's premier classic.

Rowston Manor is a son of Pearl Diver, which won the 1947 Derby Epsom for his French owner, Baron de Waldner. He is out of a Nuncio mare. Though he did not do as much as some of his rivals did in his juvenile days last season, for he only won twice, he was a model of consistency, never finishing out of the first three. Moreover, he won like a true stayer.

The chestnut colt is trained in Yorkshire by a member of the famous Peacock family, Harry. He is owned by a Lincolnshire farmer, Mr Frank Dennis.

A price like eight-to-one seems ridiculous so long before the Derby (to be run on June 2), and even before the flat-racing season has opened, but clearly someone has been taking all the odds available at longer prices about the colt, and the bookmakers have dropped his price to safeguard themselves against heavy liabilities.

Rowston Manor is likely to miss the 2,000 Guineas, the first of the season's classics at Newmarket in April. He is wintering well and the present plans are for him to have a public race course gallop before running in his first race of the season, which is likely to be the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield Park.

The race is over the full Derby distance of one and a half miles and on gradients very similar to those at Epsom. The way in which the big long striding colt tackles the downhill run into the straight at Lingfield will give backers a good idea of his ability to negotiate Tattenham Corner.

Alphenhorn, an upstanding son of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Alycidon, may not run in the Derby, it is now being whispered.

His price has accordingly gone up to 12 to one. This Epsom-trained horse has not been entered for the 2,000 Guineas and it is thought that he may not be ready for the Derby.

He was slow in coming to hand last year and might prove a better prospect for the St Leger.

Both Royal Challenger and Infatuation are on the 14 to 1 mark. The former, a son of the successful sire, Royal Charger, now at stud in the United States, has, however, been backed for the 2,000 Guineas for which he is a clear 7 to 1 favourite. He also is trained in Yorkshire. So the broad acres of the noted racing country have at present the distinction of possessing the favourite for both races.

Second favourite for both the Derby and the 2,000 Guineas at the present time is the Queen's colt, Landau, and this is not merely out of loyal allegiance to the Crown.

This handsome three-year-old colt is bred for the highest honours, for Dante, his sire, won the Derby, and Sun Chariot, his dam, won the Oaks. The only thing against this perfect breeding is that a matching of Derby and Oaks winners has yet to produce a winner of Epsom's "Blue Riband"—China Mail Special.

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

THE SECRET OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS

The country destined to make a bold bid for the supremacy of the cricket world in the next few years is South Africa. Without question they have made remarkable strides in team building since they visited England in 1951 and they must now be accepted as one of the most powerful of the international sides.

Yet at the end of the 1951 tour the backbone of the eleven retired from first-class cricket.

They lost stalwarts like Dudley Nourse, one of the most dangerous batsmen I have ever bowled against, Eric Rowan, always difficult to get out, Athol, his younger brother, a magnificent off-spinner and useful batsman, and Geoff Chubb, new ball bowler and incidentally one of the most likeable and friendly cricketers on or off the field I have ever met. We were desolate when Norman "Tufty" Mann did not survive a serious illness.

Half the South African side were thus unavailable and they were short of both batsmen and bowlers for the Australia tour of 1952-53.

So dark and dismal seemed their prospects that one of Johannesburg's leading newspapers begged them not to undertake the tour, a line of thought which had no small measure of support from Australia.

Jack Cheatham's men arrived in Australia with probably the dimmest outlook of any international party of modern times.

ASTONISHING TURN-UP
The cricket world knows now what an astonishing turn-up for the book the tour provided, with South Africa holding powerful Australia to a 2-2 draw (one Test drawn) over the series.

How have South Africa achieved their results? What has been their secret? In Australia they put cotton wool into their ears and refused to listen to defeatist talk.

Jack Cheatham inspired his men to field like demons and to take the seemingly impossible catch.

I was discussing fielding with Keith Miller during a lull in one of the 1953 Tests and I asked him: "Was the South African fielding as good as we were led to believe?"

"Listen," Keith replied. "It was out of this world. I was batting one day in a Test and hit the ball to the neck of the batsman. A batsman knows instinctively when a six is in prospect. I turned to the wicket-keeper and said 'there she goes.' The next thing I knew was the crowd jumping up with amazed delight—Russell Endean on the pickets had shot his hand up and clutched the ball out of the sky."

The lessons of fielding are always being drummed home by successful sides. Surrey have had some wonderful catchers near the bat like Stuart Surridge, who is the only man I know at short leg who actually moves in closer to the bat as the ball is bowled, and Tony Lock. It is said with some degree of truth Glamorgan won the English Championship on fielding alone in 1947.

NEW FAST BOWLER
South Africa having achieved miracles in team building now have unearthed a new fast bowler in John Adcock, a tall youngster from Johannesburg, who has played against the New Zealanders with some success.

Denis Compton, who had a holiday in the United States, going on to the West Indies, saw Adcock in action and I can assure you he was very impressed. Denis told me he

hates batsmen, which, as a bowler I can endorse as the right outlook!

I also hear Cuan McCarthy plans to return to big cricket and if he can discover his old form what a formidable opening pair South Africa will have!

It is strange how bowlers often appear in pairs. There were Grimmett and O'Reilly, Gregory and McDonald, Lindwall and Miller for Australia, Ramadhin and Valentine for the West Indies, Tate and Larwood for England and many others.

Their success as a pair is not always accidental. One can be the perfect foil to the other and lucky is the country which can find such a combination.

Footnote—I see, with the sympathy of a fellow bowler that both Freddie Trueman and Brian Statham suffered from dropped catches in England's first Test with the West Indies.

I remember in one of my first important matches having two catches missed in my opening over. At the end of it the skipper, seeing me look downcast and with a twinkle in his eye, asked me "Why the heck don't you bowl at the stumps?"

There is a glittering array of noted professionals to draw the crowds to the Lancashire League games, notably the signing by Burnley of Wally Longden, the Western Australian captain.

He and his compatriots, Jack Manning, who began his two-year engagement with Colne, and Alan Walker, pro for Rawtenstall, are the only non-Test men among the 14 professionals in this League.

Colne are looking for much from Manning, a slow left-arm bowler, whom many Australians thought his inclusion in the team that toured Britain last year would have improved the Aussies' chance of holding the Ashes. He hopes to join Livingston and Tribe in the Northamptonshire side after completing his residential qualifications.

Clyde Walcott and Everton Weekes will again be playing for Enfield and Bacup respectively, but the third member of the West Indies' noted "W" trio, Frank Worrell, is not returning to Radcliffe, the Central Lancashire League club.

Khan Mohammad, the Pakistan and one-time Somerset fast-medium bowler, has signed up for the season with Lowerhouse, even though his country's side is touring England, this year. It is quite on the cards that Khan, like Mankad two years ago, will be granted special permission to play in the Tests.

Other notables in Lancashire League cricket are K. Archer (Australia) at Accrington; E. Weeks (West Indies), Bacup; W. Langdon (Australia), Burnley; C. McCool (Australia), East Lancashire; V. Mankad (India), Haslingden; D. Phadkar (India); Nelson; Gul Mohammad (India); Ramabottom; S. Gupta (India); Rushion; and J. Burke (Australia), Todmorden.

NOTICE

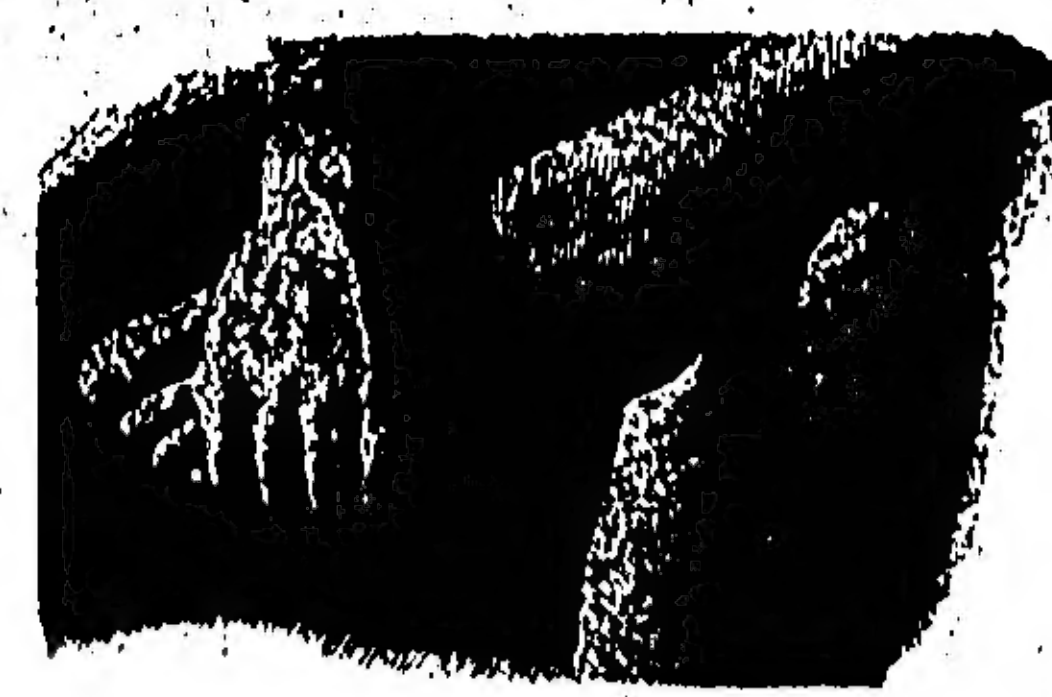
THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the 9th Race Meeting 1953/54 to be held on Saturday 20th and Sunday 21st March, 1954, (weather permitting), may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 9th March, 1954.
By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

NOW OPEN in HONG KONG

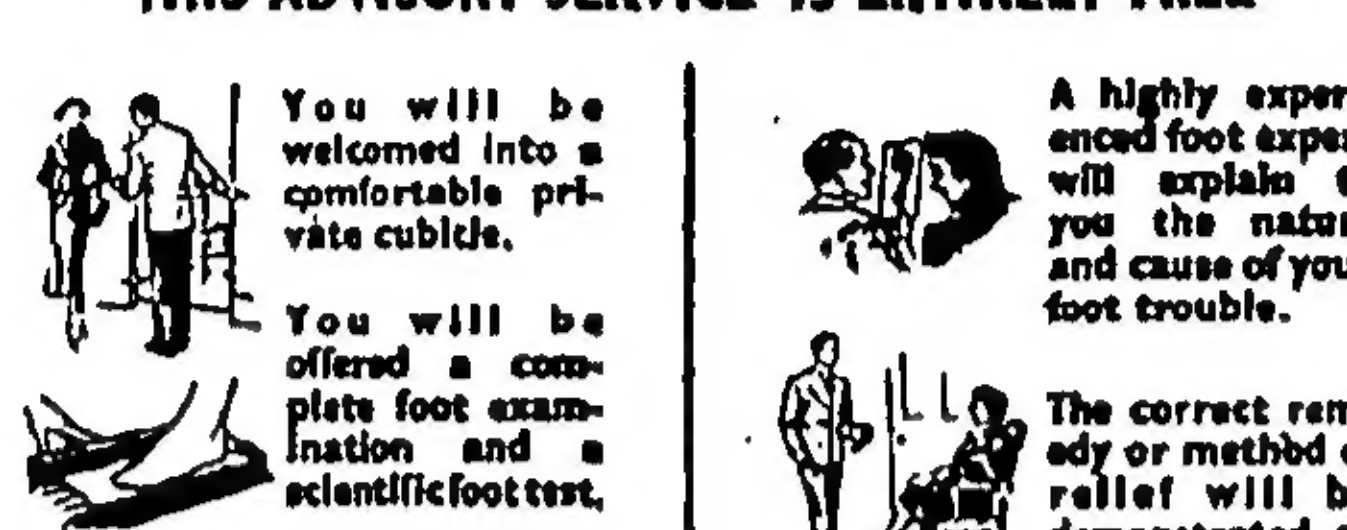
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Second Day — Saturday 6th March, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
The Programme will consist of 10 races, including the First Race of the First Day of the 8th Race Meeting held on 27th February, 1954, the Windy Gap Handicap (1st Section), which has been declared void by the Stewards and which will be run as Race 1(A) on Saturday, 6th March, 1954, at 1.30 p.m.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.00 p.m. and the First Race run at 1.30 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.15 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him. Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission. MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The Draw which took place on Saturday, 27th February, 1954, for the Cash Sweep on the First Race of the First Day has been declared void.

Through Tickets for both days of the Meeting and for which Vouchers have been issued up to the Number 3850, will participate in Race 1(A), the Windy Gap Handicap (1st Section) to be run on 6th March, 1954, at 1.30 p.m.

All other tickets over Number 3850 on the 1st race of the 1st Day which has been declared void, are cancelled and money will be refunded on presentation of the tickets.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (6th March) at \$4.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguilar Street and 323 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 10.30 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited. ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS. Bookmakers, Tic Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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WHITER
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 "PATROCLUS" Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow 5th Apr. 6th Apr.
 "ALCINOUS" Liverpool & Glasgow 13th Apr. 14th Apr.

Scheduled sailings from Europe
 Sails Arrives
 S. "BELLEROPHON" Liverpool Rotterdam Hong Kong 10th Mar.
 G. "PATROCLUS" do do 16th Mar.
 S. "ALCINOUS" do do 25th Mar.
 G. "ANTIOCHUS" do do 1st Apr.
 S. "CYCLOPS" do do 7th Apr.
 G. "PERSEUS" 7th Mar. 13th Mar. 22nd Apr.
 S. "LAONEDON" 18th Mar. 22nd Apr.
 G. "ANCHISES" 24th Mar. 2nd May
 G. Loading Glasgow before Liverpool S. Loading Swansea before Liverpool.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Mineral Kingdom Boasts Of Music Long Silent

By IDA SMITH

THE mineral kingdom contains both beauty and mystery. It is the home of the mysterious atom, and the nature-world where man discovered the science of crystallography. It is a world of beautiful and almost unbelievable colours.

But do you know that it also contains delightful music?

One day a prospector, who had been searching for uranium ore, sat down on some dark-coloured boulders to rest, and discovered the musical rocks. It was in the hills of northern Arizona. The prospector's name was Guy Hazen.

Mr. Hazen doesn't just prospect for minerals alone. He studies nature wherever he goes and makes note of all that he sees. He studies plant life, and birds and animals that are active in the daytime. At night when he makes his camp, he knows which wild flowers will close up at sundown, and which strange creatures crawl around and eat and play in the starlight after the others have all gone to bed.

If there is anything out of the ordinary, Mr. Hazen is sure to discover it. So imagine his curiosity when he accidentally tapped the boulders upon which he was sitting with his miner's pick, and they gave out musical tones. He tapped them again and again, and discovered that he could get deep tones from the large boulders and higher tones from the smaller ones.

Before he left he pried out as many of the boulders as he



STONE CHIMES—Margaret McKay of Phoenix, Arizona, who has a rock collection of her own, examines the musical rocks. The slabs sound like cattle bells when they strike together in the wind.

could carry in his truck. He took them home to his shop in Kingman and saved them into slabs and made the slabs into chimers.

Some of the largest slabs sounded like locomotive bells, the kind the old steam engines used to ring. Others sounded like beautiful church bells.

Two other rock collectors, a man and his wife, once found rocks that would ring when struck with a hammer. They worked with them until they had slabs that ranged through

two scales of tones, and they could play tunes upon them.

Near the place where Mr. Hazen found the musical rocks, he also discovered a new rare earth mineral.

A great deal of Hazen's work has been in the field of paleontology. That is the science of fossils (petrified bones). In one fossil bed near Wickup, Arizona, he found the petrified remains of little prehistoric horses (the Eohippus; a genus of small horse of the Eocene Period), and the remains of prehistoric camels. These animals lived in Arizona about 54 million years ago.

On numerous occasions Mr. Hazen has guided groups of scientists and students on field trips in search of other prehistoric fossils. This is interesting because he did not study paleontology or mineralogy in college. He has acquired most of his knowledge of those sciences first hand from actual experience.

The government has employed Mr. Hazen a number of times to guide such expeditions, because it is in the rocks and fossils that the history of the earth's ages is written.

It is curious to think that the beautiful tones of the musical rocks had lain silent in the earth for millions of years, long before there were any humans. Then by accident they were discovered and their music released so that people could hear and enjoy it.

These musical rocks have not been completely analysed as yet but they are a very dense and crystalline type of rock and contain a number of different kinds of minerals.

RIDDLES

1. When is a queen like a piece of wood?
2. What are one's last teeth called?
3. What pins are used in soup?
4. What pain do we make light of?
5. How do you spell a good needle?
6. If I were born in the fifth month of the year why would I be like President Eisenhower's wife?
7. Why would Richard make a good detective?
8. Why is a red traffic light impossible?
9. What have a paperhanger and a prizefighter in common?
10. Why would a boy with a layer of cotton fibre on one eye be good in baseball?

(Answers on Page 20)

Rupert and the Compass—28



At the top of the iron ladder the man makes the door click open, and the two pale men in the open air again. "Now, please, which is out way home?" asks Rupert. "The way home is the way you came," says the man. "I'm not going to let you, not yet. If you don't leave me alone, I'll call the police."

PUZZLES ABOUT GIRLS

Girl Square

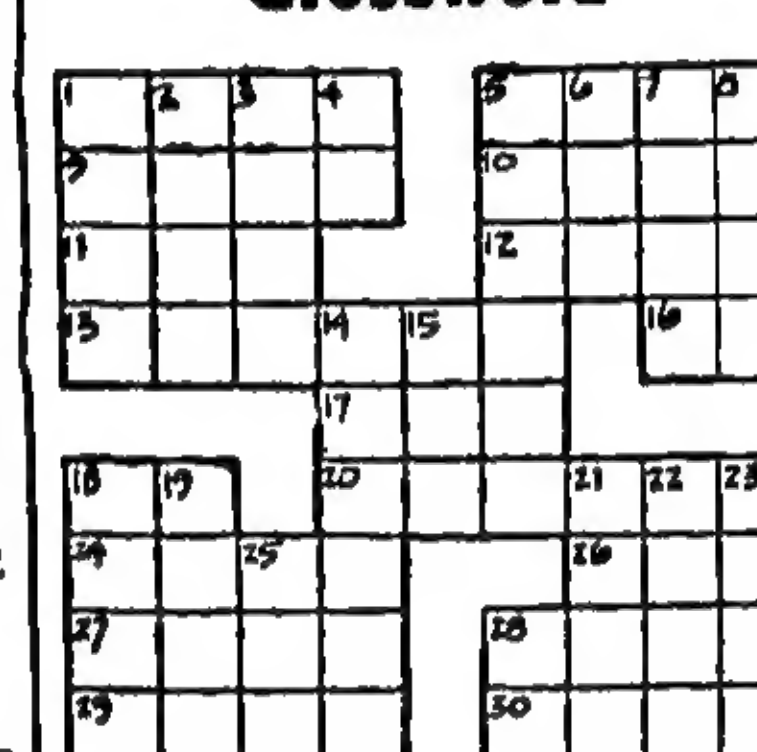
Eight girls have been hidden in this square. You'll find them all in rotation when you find the right starting point and then read each letter either up, down, backward or forward but not diagonally:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| R | O | D | H | A | L |
| O | T | H | Y | E | U |
| Z | I | L | E | B | E |
| A | B | A | L | I | C |
| T | E | L | E | N | M |
| H | E | L | T | R | A |
| A | M | A | H | R | M |
| B | E | L | N | O | A |

Hidden Girls

A girl is hidden in each of the following sentences. Can you find them? The book was banned in Boston. He carried the heavy pall for her. They found the wooden idol in the ruined temple.

Crossword



ACROSS

1. Contrary miss.
2. English princess.
3. Great Lake.
4. Encounter.
11. Scatter.
12. Short jacket.
13. Church festival.
14. North America (ab.).
17. Carle part.
19. Electrical term.
20. Joers.
21. Petty quarrel.
22. Old card game.
27. Fork prong.
28. Greek mountain.
29. Wife of Geraint.
30. Equal.

DOWN

1. Apportion.
2. Range.
3. Disenchantment.
4. Biblical pronoun.
5. Mulet.
6. Seize.
7. Gaseous element.
8. Heating device.
14. Sipped.
15. Sea eagle.
16. Italian city.
19. Whirl.
21. Otherwise.
22. She's named for a flower.
23. Fly aloft.
24. Blackbird of cockoo family.
28. Opera (ab.).

Girl Mix-Up

When you rearrange the letters in each of these lines, you'll find the name of a girl:

LATE AMID
 ZEAL HE BIT
 RUE TIRE GAM

(Solutions on Page 20)

FUNNEL TRICK

See who can be the first to blow out a candle by blowing through a funnel.

This can be done only if the funnel is held so low that the top edge of the large part of the funnel is in line with the candle flame. Most people will hold the funnel in the wrong place.

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 "ORMARA" due 31st Mar. for Singapore, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Kuwait, Khorramshahr & Basrah direct, or via Persian Gulf Ports via Bombay

"ORNA" due 2nd Apr. for Japan
 "EASTERN" due 23rd Mar. from Japan for Lee, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne & Auckland
 "NELLORE" due 27th Mar. from Australia for Japan
 "NELLORE" due 10th Apr. from Japan for Auckland, Wellington, Sydney & Melbourne

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

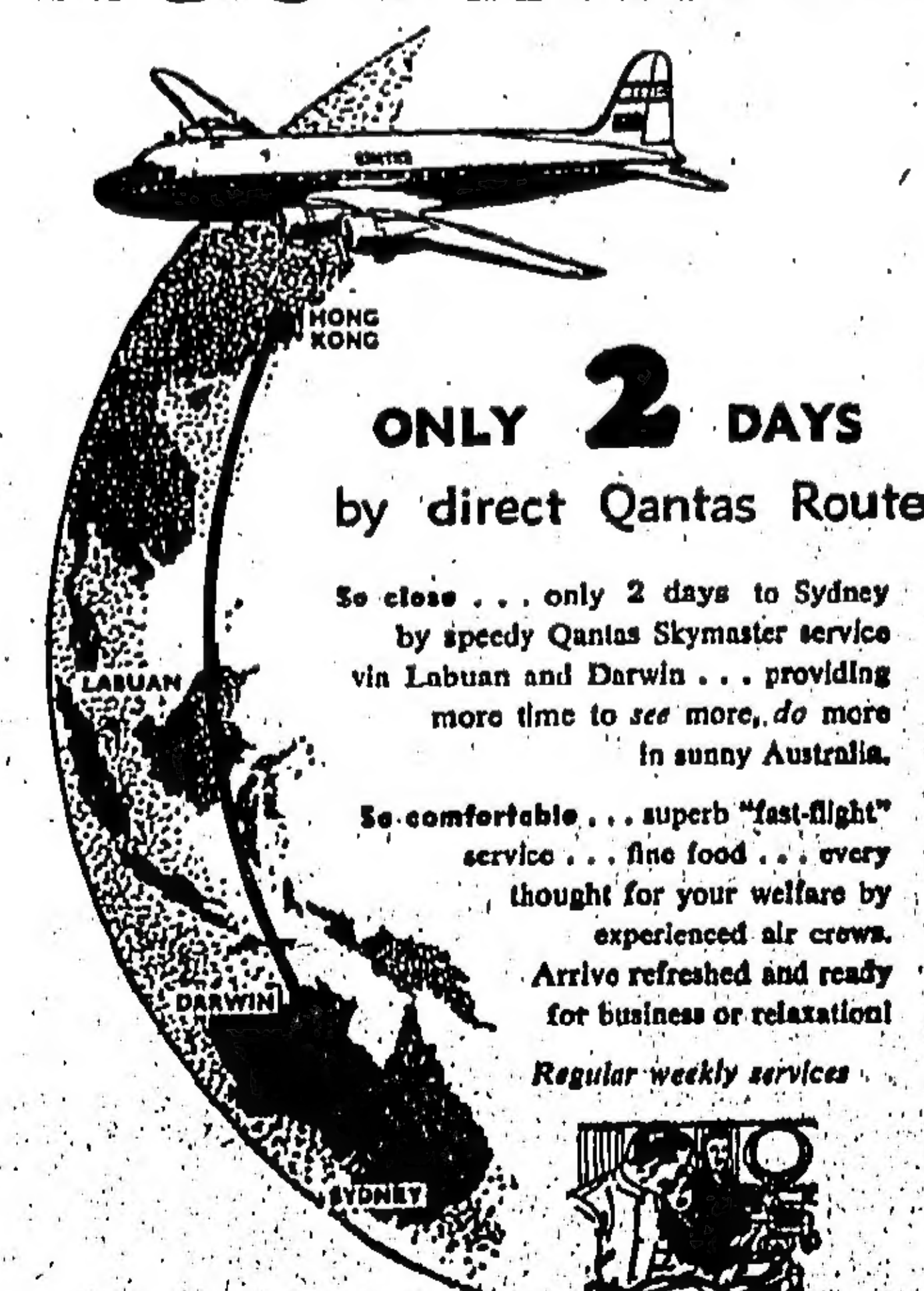
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Page 20

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1954.

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JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Open Air Debate

IT was late in the evening, and on a corner of a broad street in the East End, two women stood, and seemed to be arguing.

Passers-by gave the couple a glance and, noting how evenly matched they were, and how ample of figure, prudently made a detour round them, not wishing to become involved, should the cold war between the two hot up, and action take the place of words.

Possibly only those who imperilled their neutrality by passing and taking a closer look, noticed the two women had not the street-corner to themselves.

Between them, firmly held by each, as if he were a wish-bone, was a short, dark-haired man, the husband of one woman, a friend of the other.

"Now listen," said the little man, whose name was Eustace.

ALL FALL DOWN
"HE should go to the police," said Eustace's wife, emphasizing the suggestion with a sharp tug at his right arm.

"Be a fool if he did," snorted Maisie, the friend of both, and nearly pulled Eustace's left arm out of its socket, to make sure her point was taken.

"The police," said Eustace, "to heck with the police," countered Maisie.

Each woman snatched at the other, without letting Eustace go, and all three fell down. They picked themselves up, resumed the debate, and a moment later all fell down again, as though they were playing some mature version of ring-of-roses.

WITHIN MYSELF
THEY struggled up again.

"To the police," began Eustace, then stopped short.

"Oh," she said. For the police had come to them. An inspector had been watching the argument from a police car.

He arrested the trio for using insulting behaviour, whereby a breach of the peace might have been caused, and next morning at the Old Street court, they pleaded not guilty to the charge before Mr. H. F. Sturge.

The inspector told his story, and Eustace and Maisie heaved great sighs of protest in unison.

"Any questions?" the magistrate asked them. They had none, but Eustace spoke up.

"Within myself," he said "there was no insult. It was just one of them thought I ought to go to the police about some money I lost, and the other thought I oughtn't. All friendly."

JUST A DEBATE
MAISIE, huge and impressive, decided to speak on oath.

"We was just saying 'we'll go to the police, we won't go, when the police car comes up and says 'We want you, Maisie. Struggle? Or no, there wasn't no struggle. Just a debate, you might say.'"

Eustace's wife, chic in black, with pearls round her neck and hanging from her ears, on oath supported her friend. Then it was Eustace's turn, and solemn as a suffragan bishop, he took the oath.

"The officers may have thought we was scuffling," he said, "but within myself, we were just arguing about this situation."

"Did you fall down?" "Within myself, I should say no," said Eustace, weighing his words.

WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
"YOU keep saying 'within myself,' but did you fall down?" the magistrate asked.

"Within... No, sir," said Eustace.

But the case was found proved. Eustace and Maisie were fined £1 each. Maisie was held back. Inquiries were begun about a £2 fine against her that had not been paid.

"What did I tell you?" said her look to her friends as they left.

"What did I tell you? You never want to go to the police."

'What's Her Line?' Solution: CONDUITRESS

London Express Service.

"BREAK-UP OF NATO WOULD BE MADNESS"

Morrison Speaks On Need For Joint Action

Oxford, Mar. 5.

The Deputy Leader of the Opposition, Mr Herbert Morrison, said last night the break-up of the Anglo-American alliance and the United States association with NATO would be madness from every point of view.

Britain and other NATO countries would be "out on a limb," relatively weak and open to pressures and threats of an alarming character, he said. She would find herself driven to arm to the teeth beyond her reasonable economic capacity and on a much larger scale than at present.

"Even then we should not be safe. Collective security is not only the safest — it is the more economical way," he said.

"So it is with the other countries who are parties to NATO," Mr Morrison told a meeting of the Oxford University Labour Club.

He said many well meaning people have swallowed Communist propaganda against the collective security of the Democracies on European defence and on German unification with free elections and a contribution to Western defence.

There were some people who wanted a united Germany neutral and unarmed.

That meant that if there should be aggression from the East there might be a march to the Channel coast without adequate resistance. And there would be no guarantee that Germany would remain unarmoured any more than there was after the first world war.

There was no sense in a permanent hate feud against Germans as such, Mr Morrison said.

REAL CHOICE
"The real choice is between treating Germany and its people as a nation of untouchables and pariahs or concluding a peace treaty preferably for the whole of Germany, but if necessary for Western Germany, accepting the fact that nearly nine years after the end of hostilities it is increasingly difficult to deny her a peace treaty and sovereign powers."

"Germany should be a genuine member of the United Nations and take her part with the rest of us in the protection of peace by collective security."

This did not mean a refusal to do business for world peace with the Soviet Union and China.

"I want co-operation with these great countries. I want China in the United Nations. We must look out for every chance of collaboration for peace and progress with all countries whether Communist or not, so long as they play their part too."

"Humanity needs peace. It is time war was banned as both wicked and out of date. Let all peoples and nations work to that end."—Reuter.

Manville Says:
The Bullet Was A Bunion

New York, Mar. 5.

Astoria, Ore. — Tommy Manville said today he had a "bullet" in his foot, not a bullet from his gun, but a bunion on his right foot.

Manville said he had a "bullet" in his foot, not a bullet from his gun, but a bunion on his right foot.

"That old story of hers that I shot her in the foot is a definite lie," said the silver-haired, 60-year-old perennial bridegroom who is living alone at the moment at his estate here.

"You might call it the old fashioned shake for money."

Manville said that his wife developed serious bunions with her right foot several years ago and underwent a "scrapping" operation last Autumn at the New Rochelle, New York, Hospital under the scalpel of Dr. George F. Freulich.

He said that Mrs Manville had suffered recurring pains and swelling.

"But I talked to her Press agent by long distance telephone last night and found out that her foot had very little to do with the cancellation of her act, if you could call it that," Manville said.

The agent told me that the club threw her out because she was no good."

Manville said his wife's charges were "part of a dimwit campaign" to obtain a \$6,000 divorce settlement from him.

—United Press.

BOYS & GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

GIRL SQUARE: Alice, Beulah, Dorothy, Elizabeth, Ellen, Martha, Mabel, Norma.

HIDDEN GIRLS: b(na)nd; (car)ried; wood(en) k(i)ot.

CROSSWORD

MARY ANNE
BRIE WEST
TED ETON
EASTER NA

ARC
FRAT LOO
TINE OSCA
BND PBER

GIRL MIX-UP: Mathilde, Elizabeth, Margaret.

PUZZLES: 1—When she becomes a ruler, 3—Jame Smith 2—Percy 4—A window pane 5—With 6—(a) 7—It is 8—Because I'd be May 9—(a) 10—Because it's NO GO 11—They both want to see a few 12—Because he has a "locking eye."

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

HEIGHT—Stature—Statute—Law
Barn—Barn—Barn—Barn
Home—Palm—Victoria—Albert
Hill—Gall—Wormwood—Scrubs
Bent—Curve—Curb—Reveal
Strainer—Trainer—Trained—Detrain
Detain—Keep—Keen—Mustard
Crimes—Crimes—Crimes—Crimes
Burrow—Border—Border—Border
Boulder—Rock—Boulder—Weyer
Hewer—Chal—Scuille—Sink
Sik—Purse—Sow's—Ear
Shoi—PARKIRAN.

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China To Pay In Gold

HELSINKI, Mar. 5.
Communist China has agreed to pay in sterling or gold for one fifth of her imports from Finland during the next 15 months, an authoritative source said here today.

She will also increase her imports from Finland to 3,000 million marks (about £4,500,000), 20 per cent more than in the past 12 months.

These imports would be mainly wood products, ships and machinery including paper manufacturing plant.

The source said China would send Finland mainly rice, silk, and cattle fodder.

—Reuter.

Caracas Conference

Economics Before Communism

Caracas, Mar. 5.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, tonight strongly rejected the charges made by the Guatemalan Foreign Minister, Senor Guillermo Toriello, regarding alleged United States interference with the international affairs of Guatemala.

There were charges were made by Senor Toriello at today's plenary session of the 10th Inter-American Conference in a statement to the press.

Mr Dulles regretted that the Caracas meeting was used as a platform to promote efforts aimed at slandering other American states and exploiting the possible differences in view of the disrupting harmony.

Mr Dulles felt that the conference would state that the international Communist movement's control over the political institutions of any American state would be regarded as interference by a foreign power and as threatening the peace in the American States.

Mr Dulles said not only did Senor Toriello oppose any new addition against international Communism but that he went further by declaring that his Government considered as valueless the resolutions taken at the ninth Inter-American Conference in 1948 and at the fourth meeting of the American Foreign Ministers in 1951.

The first week of the conference has strikingly spotlighted the differing points of view between the United States and the Latin American countries on the two major problems which dominate the present session. These are Communist infiltration and the economic betterment of the Southern Continent.

The chief point of difference in the Northern and Southern Hemisphere is that the United States is more concerned about Communist infiltration while the Latin American countries are more concerned about economic affairs.—France Presse.

Bodies Of Nazi War Criminals Will Be Moved

Hameln, Germany, Mar. 5.

Transferring 91 bodies of German war criminals from a communal grave in Hameln Prison to the local cemetery is to be spread over several weeks to avoid "unpleasant political demonstration," it was announced today.

A senior official of the Lower Saxony Justice Ministry said: "There is no question of glorifying the dead men and nothing neo-Nazi in this removal. We merely want to help relatives who wish to tend the graves."

Irma Grosse, the "blonde beast" of Beisen, was among the 91 people buried in the prison. Most of them were members of Nazi concentration camp staffs.

The decision to exhume the bodies was taken several weeks ago at the request of relatives. In Bonn British High Commission officials said they had no control over the disposal of the bodies.

The prison has been under German jurisdiction since 1950.

—Reuter.

No Qualifications But He Taught Einstein's Theories

New York, Mar. 5.

A high school graduate with no special qualifications posed as a professor and taught Einstein's theory of relativity at the University of New Hampshire for a year before he was unmasked and fired as a fake, it was disclosed today.

"I really did enjoy teaching the students," said the self-styled educator, 31-year-old Marvi Hewitt, who has an ability to understand complicated subjects like advanced physics.

The bespectacled father of three small boys, was hired by the University on the basis of bogus references which listed him as holding several college degrees.

Actually, College officials said, he received his only formal education in high school.

But he did a lot of reading on Professor Albert Einstein's highly-technical theory of relativity and other subjects beyond the comprehension of the average layman.

The College authorities described Hewitt as a "natural born genius" who educated himself so well that he was able to teach advanced technical courses without detection.

"I really did enjoy teaching the students," Hewitt said.

"The College treated me well when I left."

Hewitt would not comment any further on the pose he successfully carried off until last month. He said he had no immediate plans for the future.

—United Press.

Search For Confessor's Palace

Windsor, Mar. 5.

Archaeologists are hoping to find the site of the Palace of Edward the Confessor, who ruled England 900 years ago, beneath a field they are excavating near here.

They believe that in the summer, they may find the final proof that the ancient king had his home here. The excavations, which are being carried out by the Berkshire Archaeological Society, have received financial support from the Queen and local authorities.

First indication of Royal relics in the area came in 1851 when engineers digging sewage trenches discovered pottery indicating the presence of an old palace used by Saxon and Norman kings.

Written history indicates that Edward the Confessor had his favourite home there, but it does not appear to have been a Royal residence after 1110.

Excavations so far have shown pits containing bones, pottery dated from the seventh to the 11th century and other signs of habitation.—China Mail Special.

Canada Leads In World Hockey Matches

Stockholm, Mar. 5.

Canada took a lead of one point over the Soviet Union in the world ice hockey championship after the matches played here today.

Canada have now won six matches. The Soviet Union have won five and drawn one.

Victory or a draw in their match against the Soviet Union on Sunday will give Canada the world title.

The Soviet team must gain an outright win to take the championship.

Results of the three matches played today were:

West Germany beat Finland 5-1 (periods 2-0, 1-0, 2-1).

Canada beat Czechoslovakia 5-2 (periods 3-1, 0-1, 2-0).

Soviet Union drew with Sweden 1-1 (both goals scored in last period).—Reuter.

Stratford-on-Avon, Mar. 5.

A 153-year-old ten shilling banknote, issued by a private bank, was honoured yesterday by a bank here.

The note was found by Mr P. F. Clarke, a builder, while he was repairing an old oak bureau he had bought.—China Mail Special.

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Proposal to change
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We, WALLEM & CO., LTD.,
of Hong Kong & Shanghai
Bank Building, Hong Kong,
hereby give notice that in
consequence of Company
policy, we have applied to
the Minister of Transport,
under Section 47 of the
Merchant Shipping Act, 1894,
in respect of the steamship
"BAN HONG LIONG" of
HONG KONG REGISTRY
Official Number 157825, Gross
tonnage 1871 tons, Register
tonnage 1004 tons, heretofore
owned by Wallem & Co., Ltd.,
of Hong Kong & Shanghai
Bank Building, Hong Kong, for
permission to change her name
to "WINHOPE" and to have
her registered in the new
name at the Port of HONG
KONG as owned by WALLEM
& CO., LTD.

Any objection to the
proposed change of name
must be sent to the REGIS-
TRAR OF SHIPPING at
HONG KONG within SEVEN
days from the appearance of
this advertisement.

Dated at HONG KONG the
4th day of March, 1954.

WALLEM & CO., LTD.
R. REIERSEN,
Director.

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